

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY



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JIM THE LEAGUER'S RETURN TO HIS OLD HOME.

(See article on Page 4.)

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

BY THE GENERAL CONVERSATION.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

What can be done, then, to accomplish all this—that is, to make conversation as useful as possible?

1. Make a definite effort by starting topics that you can see will be interesting and useful to the company in which you find yourself, and, having started the conversation, try to keep it going. That is the difficulty. For myself, I have never failed to introduce a subject, but to keep it afoot has often been problematical. The excitement arising from the meeting with friends seems to generate a kind of wordy mood that, unless taken hold of with a very strong hand, carries everybody away in any direction in which the wind may seem to blow, so that before one knows where he is the topic he has brought on to the board has vanished, and three or four others are being discussed with great energy.

It is not a bad plan to have a little conspiracy among one or two members of the company to keep a given topic to the front. It can easily be done at the moment, and what one says the other can second or reply to, or raise a difficulty about, until all are interested, and then the ball will roll on of its own momentum.

2. Intelligent and interested listening has much to do with good talking. Who can talk when hearers make it evident that they are too impatient to listen, or that the time is all for themselves? I have found the greatest difference in the ease or difficulty with which I have commenced talking with those who pass for being the great people of the world. The manner of some men seems to stop the flow of my thoughts and freeze up my power of utterance; while that of others has had just the contrary effect, making it not only a delight to listen to their observations, but a pleasure to answer them, as I shall off on a line of my own. You will have similar experiences in ordinary conversation. I meet so frequently with men and women who, sitting by my side, make it so evident that they care not for anything I can say, although it may concern matters as important as life and death. Heaven and hell, that I instinctively close up and retire within myself like the small into his shell, concluding, as I am often all but forced to do, that either I have nothing worth saying, or that my manner of saying it is without the power to charm. Others, however, will find me out and answere with approving nods, smiles, simulations, responses and confirmatory expressions, which make it difficult for me to stop speaking or to tear myself away from their society. You will find it the same.

3. Encourage others around you to talk. Often those who have that to say which is worth saying will be the last to join in the general talk, while those who have the least matter will make the most rattle. Ask for opinions from the silent ones; in fact, it will be found to be not a bad plan to get everyone to give their own view on the subject. Don't overlook the women who may be present. How coolly and unjustly and thoughtlessly I was going to say how conceitedly—when taking part in a conversation concerning a matter about which they have just as true, and perhaps even a more correct—and very often a more practical—judgment than themselves! They may not prohibit them joining in the general talk—on the contrary, they may say that they have the same opportunity of expressing their opinion as the men—but the arbitrary manner in which they absorb the time, and address themselves to each other, makes it plain enough that they do not anticipate the sisters' having anything worth saying upon the matter.

In the family, I need not point out that the mother ought always to have



BIBLE READINGS FROM JAMAICA

FATHER ADAM'S FALL.

There are some who say that science proves that we from monkeys came, And many learned books are written to prove this or much the same; But these educated writers scarcely will a War Cry huy, They believe in transmigration, so need not learn how to die. In the Bible that they handle so deceitfully each day, They count up their contradictions, and God's true truth explain away; Sympathize much with the serpent, who, they say, did not deceive.

Not to them, but to their betters, would we tell of Adam's fall, Though the facts are pretty well known—have been preached to great and small—

How man in fair Eden's garden, he and Eve had every wish Gratified, as far as human flowers, poultry, fruit and fish; There was but a slight restriction—just one tree they should not touch— Surely with such rich possessions this should not have tried them much! But it did. In all that garden there was naught that caught their eye Like that sweet-and-bitter orange, as they slowly passed it by. 'Tis not what we have we value—strange as this may appear— But we crave what is forbidden, though the price is often dear.

Then came Satan, as a serpent. Why there should be any doubt As to his disguise or doings, I am sure I can't make out. He had squeezed into a dog's-eat, got into a mouse or rat, Often tempts poor Mrs. Cry through her pet dog or her cat. 'Twas a serpent, says the Bible, and this statement I receive; If some said it was a monkey I should not their word believe. So he held a conversation with the weaker of the two, Saying, if she ate this orange, what and what she'd say and do— How she would gain wisdom by it; so she listened to his voice, And, in one unguarded moment, disobeyed the Lord by choice.

Then she gave the fruit to Adam, who received it from her, so, As receiver of goods stolen, he was just as bad, you know. Though he afterwards endeavored to ascribe to her the blame, Yet the Lord, Who judges all things, punished both of them the same. Then they knew that they were naked, and from God they went and hid, Since they were ashamed to meet Him, after doing what they did.

We are told that in the evening, when the sun was somewhat cool, God came walking in the garden, as, it seems, it was His rule, And He called, "Where art thou, Adam?" For He missed his smiling face, When He saw no one to greet Him in this now deserted place; Some time after Adam answered that he'd heard, but was afraid, So behind the trees was hiding, where he got a little shade. Then he blamed, as I have mentioned, her whom God had made his wife, But she said it was the serpent who'd beguiled and spoiled her life.

Then God cursed this subtle serpent, saying there should ever be "Twixt the man's seed and the serpent's, unrelenting enmity; And He said to Eve, "In sorrow will I multiply thy race; Thou shall be ruled by thy husband, and shall crave thy own disgrace; But to Adam He was sterner, and He said: "Because you heard what your wife said, and you pleased her, disobedient to My word, I will curse the ground you walk on, and in sorrow shall you eat, While the thorns and thistles worry, and the herbs become your meat. By the sweat upon your features shall you toil to earn your bread, Till, as dust to dust returning, you'll be numbered with the dead." Then God drove them out of Eden, lest they should have spoilt the place More than they had done already, and have wrought some fresh disgrace.

Now for lessons: In the first place, I observe God had a plan That was perfect in arrangements, yet could be spoilt by a man. God, according to His riches, will provide for you and I, All that we might care to cherish, yet we've power to pass them by And to frustrate God's intention, and to upset all His will— Just as Adam did in Eden, we can prove ungrateful still.

Secondly, there is no station where temptation cannot come; If it came in Eden's garden, it will follow Army drum, Church bell ringing, choral singing, even an all night of prayer, 'Specially where there's a revival, you will surely find it there. Then it oft comes through relations just as Adam's came through Eve; She, who should have been a helpmate, became his trouble, I believe; So we find that what the Bible says about our family fortunes, "They shall be of our own household"—was inspired by Him Who knows. Many a man and many a woman who've received a call from God To be a world-wide soul-winner, has been laid beneath the sod Without winning even one soul; they conferred with flesh and blood; So their spiritual reputation has been dragged into the mud.

In conclusion, there is one text that comes up before me now—God's voice, ringing down the ages, "Adam, Adam, where art thou?" It is not a call to judgment, but a voice of tender love. Calling from the modern Eden which is now prepared above. He knows where you are, oh, reader! though you're waded far away, But He longs for you to answer, and He wishes you to say.

—Adj't. Phillips.



the opportunity, whether she uses it or not, of having her fair share in whatever conversation goes on, and on many questions, it will not only be safe, but useful, and often very interesting, to bring the children in. It will make them listen to what their elders say, and help them, in forming habits of thought and action, to deliver themselves of their opinions before father, mother, brothers and sisters.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SIMON FROST.

The feller that was born with a smile on his lips has got the best a' the feller that was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

The best way to keep out of trouble's way is to watch how other folks git into it.

There's some folks that are so lay that they wouldn't breathe if they didn't b'v'e to.

Men's generally proud o' their grey hairs, but with women it's different.

The years go past by movin' a milt at a time.

There's some folks like the springs o' a wagon—they don't make the world go no faster, but they make it a sight more comfortable to live in.

A feller never thinks gambila's a sin when he's a winnin'.

It don't make no difference how tight you tie a hose o' the rope isn't strong.

Good resolutions that was made in a hurry gen'rally 're busted jest as quick.

If ye stumble over a stone, stop an' throw it out o' the way, so's nobody else'll fall over it.

Some folks spend their whole lives learnin' how to live, an' then die before they've learnt.

A dollar in a feller's pocket's better than tea cuv' 'em in his mind.

There's some folks that knows more about the stars than they do uv their own country.

Ye can't always tell which way a train's a-goin' to fall till it falls.

A dull saw don't do much cuttin', but it makes more noise than a sharp un.

Can't tell how big a meal a feller eats by the way he picks his teeth.

There's one consolation a poor man's got—when he dies nobody'll fight over his money.

Nothin' great was ever done that there wasn't somebody a-fightin' again' it.

Ye can stretch a rubber jest so far, an' then it'll bust.

Some people's faith's like a leakin' bucket.

It's mighty hard sometimes to jest where exaggeration ends an' lyin' begins.

It's a mighty common thing for a man to make mistakes, but a mighty uncommon un for him to own up to 'em.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make their Wills, and desire to help the Salvation Army.

The good management of one's affairs, and the execution of a will, are to be had by any lawyer. If the testator is not a lawyer, he may, if he so desires, bequeath to the Fund the sum of \$2,000, or any sum less or greater, for the purpose of the said Fund or its use. The testator may, if he so desires, bequeath to the Fund the sum of \$2,000, or any sum less or greater, for the purpose of the said Fund or its use.

For the Execution of Wills.

The Wills must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must both be present together to witness the execution and the signatures and acknowledgments on the same page at the end of the will. If the testator is not a lawyer, he may, if he so desires, bequeath to the Fund the sum of \$2,000, or any sum less or greater, for the purpose of the said Fund or its use.

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THE WHITE GOD.

A STORY OF EAST INDIA.

By A. D. R.

HE stood for a moment or two in the bright moonlight, watching the few dark figures stealing over the fields to their homes. Those few figures had comprised the congregation for the night's meeting, and the white man in native costume sighed almost despondingly as he turned and entered the square mud barracks.

Hatred and opposition he had expected when he left his own country to come to India to preach the Gospel of Christ, but not this apathy, this deadness. "O God, give us souls, souls, souls!" he cried, falling on his knees in the dimly lit barracks.

Outside the slim figure slipped from the shadow of the aloe hedge, glanced around fearfully, then knocked timidly at the door.

As the officer opened it, the mangled lamplight and moonlight fell on a boy's wistful, dark face, and showed his fine white robe and rich turban. The man stared in astonishment. Such attired visitors were unusual.

"What dost thou want, my child?" he asked.

"Please tell me about

The Christian's White God!

I want to know," came the eager reply, while the black eyes looked up entreatingly.

"Come in, then, and I will explain," and the officer pulled out his hand to draw his visitor in. But the boy shrank back into the shadow.

"No, no!" he whispered, "they would see me go into the light—for it may be that I am watched. Let there be darkness, man of God."

Silently the man extinguished the lights, and as silently the child stole across the patch of moonlight into the gloom within. To the farthest corner of the barracks he went, the officer following. Then the brown, eager hands caught his.

"Tell me about the Christian's white God," came again, more pleadingly than before. "I want to know, and that is why I left home to-night, and many nights."

So crouched down in the dark corner, the white man told the child of the Orient about Jesus and His love, doing his best to make it all quite clear and simple.

In return he learned that the child belonged to one of the higher-caste families in the town, that

The Vague, Superstitious Indian Religion

did not satisfy the childish heart, and that night after night he had lain concealed among the aloe bushes listening to the white man telling of the white God, Jesus. He wanted to know more, he said—wanted to understand better.

It was late when Dhairyasi went away, and as the slim, white-robed figure sped over the fields, the officer watching prayed that his words might bring good fruit.

Dhairyasi came again and yet again, and far into the long, warm nights the white man and the dark child sat on the flat roof, with the one absorbing theme as conversation. At last the boy grasped the grand, simple plan, and one midnight he knelt and accepted the "white God" as his.

"Thou wilt have much hardness to endure," said the officer at parting, "but if thou wilt but trust, thy Jesus will carry thou through."

The boy said nothing to his family at first. His timorous nature dreaded his father's wrath, but in the room set apart for his own special use (a sort of study, such as every high-caste Indian boy possesses), he used to spend hours reading a tiny Testament, printed in the native language, and praying.

One day little Indrall, his sister, was passing the room. She stopped, Dhairyasi talked to someone as she supposed, and silently peeped in. To her surprise, no visitor was in the room, but her brother was on his knees, face upraised, eyes closed, and

lips moving. Fascinated, the child watched him for a moment or two, till the word "Jesus" was repeated adoringly again and again.

So now, as she heard the word "Jesus," Indrall ran noiselessly downstairs to the room her father frequented most. She found him there, a richly-dressed man, with high delicate features, reclining among cushions and dreamily puffing at his "narghileh."

"Come in," she cried, "come and hear Dhairyasi talking to the strange white God. Come quickly!" and in her excitement she tugged at his embroidered robe.

Without betraying any surprise Ramali rose and walked straight to his son's room, only to find Dhairyasi studying his ordinary lessons. The boy's face and manner were as calm and collected as his father's.

"Thou Must Watch and Listen, Indrall," Ramali said to his listener, a little later on, "and let me know."

And the very next day Indrall ran to his room again.

"Now I know my brother prays to the white God," she said. "I have listened long, and if thou wilt come thou mayst also hear."

Too late again. The boy only raised his surprised eyes from his book at his father's unceremonious entrance.

Ramali determined to find out the truth of the matter without resorting to that direct questioning, which he detested. So that very evening a lacquered tray, piled high with choic-

est fruit and flowers, was placed in Dhairyasi's hands.

"Thou wilt go now even to the temple," said Ramali, "and offer these to our神. This fact been amiss with thy offerings lately."

Silently the boy went out into the sunset and walked along the magnolia-shaded path leading to the temple. But he had not the remotest intention of obeying his father's command.

"He knows, he must know, else he would not look at me so," were his thoughts. "What shall I do? How shall I act? Shall I confess now, or wait for a while?"

He came to the temple, and stood without the door, the tray in his hands. One or two worshippers passing in and out looked at him curiously. Even as they did so an idea came to him.

"I Will Go to the Man of God, for he can tell me what to do. And I will take to him the offering also."

The officer was cleaning the lamps in the corridor when the door opened, and aunting child ran in.

"They would make me offer to the idol, and thou didst tell me that was wrong!" he cried. "See the fruits and flowers I have brought to thee. Thy God is my God, and Him only will I serve. But tell me what to do!"

The officer had foreseen all this, but all he could do now was to pray for and with the boy, advise him to go home and confess all, and, at all costs, to stand firm.

The boy suddenly slipped to his knees, and cast his forehead on the floor, white hands.

"Let me, but stay with thee," he said humbly, "and all will be well."

Much as he would have liked to keep the child, this was more than the Englishman dared to take upon himself.

"I cannot. Dhairyasi," he answered sadly. "Thou must learn to be brave

and endure, and in a few years thou shalt be free to worship as thou dost please. I will pray for thee."

So the boy went back to his father's house.

"Hast thou offered in the temple?" was the first question asked.

"No, father."

The Black Eyes Flashed Ominously.

"Why?"

"I serve our gods no longer," bravely replied the boy, though his heart was breaking almost to suffocation. "I love the white God Who loves me."

A shrill cry came from Indrall, who was standing near.

"Our Dhairyasi bath gone mad! Oh, father, he is mad!"

"Yes, he is mad indeed," was the cold answer. "And his madness shall be cured. In the meantime his head is hot, and must be shaved."

Dreadful Disgrace! To have it known that his head was to be shaved off "because his head was hot," or, in other words, because he had lost his reason, was almost too much for the sensitive, proud spirit. Then he remembered that the white God had been nailed on a cross for him, and submitted without a murmur to be locked in his room, clad in a mean garment, and fed on the coarsest food.

Next morning the barber came, a man almost a fanatic, and his eyes gleamed cruelly as Ramali told him what he must do, and the reason for it. "The madness shall go," he promised.

So the shining razor shaved off not only his black locks, but pieces of flesh also. This torture was endured without a word, but a sharp cry broke from Dhairyasi as the juice of the small sour lime was rubbed into the raw places on his head.

"Wilt Thou Return to Thy God?"

"No."

So fresh punishment was devised. The boy was beaten, starved, half-killed, yet he gave no sign of returning to his former faith. One day Ramali came to his room, carrying the lacquered tray filled again with fruit and flowers. Placing it on the floor, he came to where the boy crouched in the corner, and put his arm around the thin shoulders.

"Be thou beloved," he said tenderly, "it breaks my heart to treat thee so. Thy mother and thy sister weep, and I am looney. Do but take the offering to the temple, and all shall be as of old."

The quick tears started to Dhairyasi's eyes, but he only answered softly, "I cannot take them, father; I serve the white God." Without another word Ramali left the room.

After that it seemed that surely the boy was doomed to become a lat-day martyr. The treatment, awful as it was, often grieved, grieved, grieved, till sometimes Dhairyasi almost begged to die.

One night a knife was thrust under the door, by whom he knew not. But with it he managed to cut a hole in the wall of his room, and so made his escape. Straight to the Army quarters he made his way, and the tears flowed down the white man's cheeks as he saw the scarred head and bruised body.

"Let me stay!" pleaded the boy weakly, "or, if not, send me to another place. I will serve the God Who loves me."

What could the man do? He was powerless in those early days of persecution. He knew that Ramali had communicated with others of his caste in the various towns and villages, that if his son should escape, and they should find him, they should do with him what they pleased. And that meant, once taken by them the boy would soon die.

So what could he do but put his arm around the boy, comforted him, and ask the soul Christ to open the way. With tears they parted, and before many days had passed, the officer was sent to a new appointment.

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For months Dhairyasi was persecuted, till Ramali clearly saw that the lad's purpose was not to be changed. So he was allowed to take his place in the household again, but was treated with a silent contempt that was galling in the extreme.

He succeeded, however, in becoming chairman, when he was practically his own master. Then he left his town, was received into an Army school, loved and trained, and eventually became an officer, and as such he fights under the colors in India to-day.



THE LAST CALL, OR, WITNESSING A CYCLONE.

There are not many persons who were in the neighborhood of St. Louis, Mo., at the time of the terrible cyclone, who are likely to forget the scene of desolation. While there I became acquainted with a young man, who was a book-keeper at the freight office of the Vandalia Railroad. He was a good, godly lad, and came to the meetings nearly every night. It was a little thoughtless of me to say, "I used to ask him to come to the meetings. I had the joy of enrolling him as a soldier. From that day, his timidity seemed to disappear. He was always ready to speak, sing, or pray.

When the awful storm burst upon the city, and the heavens were black with clouds, this young man stood up where he was working, and faced the other employees of the office, and began to plead with them to turn to God. The building was lifted in the fury of the storm from its foundations and broken in small fragments. Yet God miraculously kept the employees from perishing. But one was taken," and he was prepared to go. His memory will never die. The men who heard his last appeal will never forget him.—Ensign Lindstrom.

JIM, THE LEAGUER.

(To our Front Page.)

IM used to be a bright boy, and a wild boy. He could learn quickly, but hated school, preferring to run into the woods or play on the beach caves, and shod his learning "things" for which he could not see any use. Jim's father held a different opinion of schooling, and as a result of the opposing views of learning there were many collisions between parent and son, resulting in

Crushing Defeats for the Latter.

At the age of twelve Jim resolved to run away. He succeeded in getting on board of a steamer bound for South Africa, and that was the beginning of his career as a sailor. He eventually got on to a "man-o'-war," much to his regret at the time, as the discipline did not suit him at all.

Good-natured as he was, he started early on a career of drunkenness and vice, which might have led him into crime, in a drunken fight he once

Nearly Killed a Man.

and on other occasions he mercilessly disfigured and punished those who crossed him.

He earned the reputation of a bully and drunkard, and caused his superiors much concern.

One day, while laying in an Indian port, some Salvationists came on board and conducted a meeting which profoundly impressed Jim. He had never bothered himself about his soul, and used to pass a church door or an Army open-air with a joke, or an oath, if drunk.

During the intervening days of that first meeting on board, and the next, the following week, Jim was miserable and taciturn. His companions thought he

Was Catching the Plague.

but the second meeting readily explained that conviction had caught him. When the captain asked for volunteers, Jim was the first to come forward, and literally howled for mercy.

Jim was thoroughly saved that day. Every body knew it, and now the weak and faint courage to taunt him with "the lion's den," who would not be very likely to look askew at Jim before without being kicked.

Jim was a trophy of grace. He eventually became the

Sergeant of a Corps of Sixteen Salvationists,

conveyed through his efforts on that man's war.

Jim remembered his parents on the day he found salvation. He at once sent a letter to them announcing the joyful news, and when his ship anchored in British waters again Jim obtained leave of absence to visit the old home. The meeting of son and parent could only be described as a meeting in heaven; my pen could not express it rightly.

Jim's mother has since gone to the better land, while Jim is an officer in the Army to-day, winning souls for God.—E.

God Has Ravens Still.

Augustus Herman Franke, a poor minister, with no property, but his books, of Halle, Germany, was led to open an orphanage for poor children. Hundreds of children were cared for and educated. There were no other resources but voluntary gifts.

At times the treasury would be completely exhausted, and then he would report the fact to the Lord and wait on Him. We quote from his testimony:

"In the month of April, 1896, our funds were exhausted, and I knew not where to look for the necessary supplies for the next week. This caused me great distress; when some person, who is yet unknown to me, put into my hands a thousand dollars for the orphans. At another time when our stores were exhausted, we

Laid Our Case Before the Lord, and had scarcely finished our prayers

when a letter was handed in with fifty dollars in gold. Twenty dollars soon after came, which fully supplied our wants, and we were taught that God will often hear prayer almost before it is offered. In the month of October, 1898, I sent a duece to a poor and disabled woman, who wrote me that it came in hand at a time when she greatly needed it, and she prayed God to give my poor orphans a heap of ducats for it. Soon after I received from one friend two ducats: from another, twenty-five; from two others, forty-three; and from Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, five hundred. When I saw all this money on the table before me, I could not but think of the prayer of the poor woman, and

How Literally It Had Been Fulfilled.

"In February, 1899, I was almost entirely without funds, though much was needed for the daily wants of the children and other poor. In this state of difficulty, I comforted myself with the promise of the Lord Jesus. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' When I was in prayer, I said, 'Lord, I pray to the Lord. As I left my room to go into the college, I found a student waiting for me, who put seventy dollars into my hands. Soon afterwards we were in the greatest want, but I trusted in the Lord, and determined to go to my closet and spread my wants before Him. I arose to go to my closet, and while I was on my way a letter was put into my hands from a merchant, informing me that he had received a cheque for a thousand dollars, to be paid me for the orphan house. How forcibly did I feel the truth of the promise."

'Before They Call I Will Answer.'

I had now no reason to ask for assistance, but I went to my closet and praised the Lord for His goodness. At another time the superintendent of the building came to see me and asked if I had received any money for the payment of the laborers. 'No,' I said, 'but I have faith in God.' Scarcely had I uttered these words when someone was announced at the door. On going to him, I found that he had brought me thirty dollars. I returned to the study and asked the superintendent how much money he needed. He replied, 'thirty dollars.' 'There they are,' said I. At another time of great need I prayed particularly, 'Give us this day our daily bread.' I slept upon the words, 'this day' for we needed immediate aid. While I was yet praying a friend came to the door and

Brought Me Four Hundred Dollars.

"At one time I was recounting to a Christian friend some of our remarkable deliverances from want, by which he was so much affected that he even wept. While I was telling him as if to confirm my statements, I received a letter containing a cheque for five hundred dollars. At another time I was in need of a large sum, but did not know where to obtain even ten dollars. The steward came, but, having no money for him, I asked him to come again after dinner, and in the meantime gave myself to prayer. When he came in the afternoon, all I could do was to ask him to come again in the evening. In the afternoon I was visited by a friend who was telling him in God's name to accompany my friend to the door on his departure. I found the steward standing on one side, and on the other a person who put into my hands a hundred and fifty dollars. On another occasion the superintendent began to pay the laborers with only fourteen dollars, but

Before He Got Through He Received Enough

to complete the payment.

"The steward became so accustomed to this experience that when new straits came he would remark, 'Now we shall have reason again to admire the way in which God will come to our aid.'

This institution was firmly established, and exists at this day on a grand scale, having sometimes three hundred pupils. As Professor Stowe pertinently remarks, in review of this narrative, 'If anyone can believe that such a long series of answers to prayer can be accounted for on the ground of accidental coincidences, such a man would scarcely be persuaded though one should rise from the dead.'

DISAPPOINTED.

By ENSIGN JOE PARKER.

Yes, all care had been taken, the tickets bought, the baggage checked, a meeting arranged in a distant town the officers had worked up, the people were expectant, and I looked for a profitable time, but at the last moment the baggage was lost on the train, and we were all disappointed. Too bad, indeed! Yet what could we do but make the best of it. Why should such things be? I don't know. Someone has said, "Man's disappointments are God's appointments." Well for us if in the disappointments of life we always said, "Well, I don't know," to the query, "Why is this thus?" Instead of rushing into all kinds of conjectures and rash conclusions. Our disappointments are times that show what manner of people we really are. 'Tis the fierce god that tries the ship, the fierce times heated furnace that purifies the gold or silver, and the disappointments and trials the boldness of the saint.

Disappointment Was My Salvation.

Thank God that I was ever disappointed. I might have rushed into hell in a few bounds if God had never crossed my way and will. I see better every day. I live that "God is Love." Depend upon it, my precious comrade. God is not a mixture of love and hate. God is love! God is love! He sees how self-will would soon be our ruin, and so He upsets our little plans that He may work out for us a far more glorious plan of His own making. His love to us has designed.

Perhaps some sick suffering one may read these lines. You are disappointed, you planned a life of active service for God; how your heart burned to see sinners falling at the Cross, sometimes the tears fell from your eyes as you thought of the great love of Jesus for you. You felt you could go through fire and through water for Him. You saw your new self with burning zeal into His work, no fight too hard for you to face. When the cupboard was well-nigh bare, and the barracks cold, and the people hard to move, you never once thought of giving in. You loved God, you loved souls, you craved to see the people saved, and it was a bitter day for you when the head began to ache, and the limbs refused to move as lightly as heretofore, and the hands shook with nervous tremor. What a stinging disappointment it was when the doctor said, "You can do little for you now; you must rest absolutely, rest. You are broken down," and the passing day only served to prove his verdict true. It was all so strange to you so disappointing to you. You planned to be a great soul-winner, and lo! you are now a poor invalid, laid aside from the fight.

God is Anxious for Your Success.

Be of good cheer, my comrade. God is just as anxious to make you a soul-winner as you are to be one, only His way of doing it is different to yours, so you are disappointed that His better plan may be worked out. You may have more souls won by the exhibition of a holy, happy acceptance of the Divine will in the sick room, than you ever would have done without this bitter disappointment. The flesh is cast out from the chamber the sweetest of rejoicing in tribulation; let your life be an exhibition of what God's grace can do for even you, and you may be a great blessing to all around you. Never was Mrs. Booth so mighty as when we heard that cancer was eating her life out. Then we saw how supreme the victory was that God could give His trusting servant. So let your life exhibit the riches of His grace, and at the end you will find that your life for God has not been in vain, for it has been won in another way.

Pillow your aching head on His great, strong, kind arm, rest from your weary tossing to and fro on the sweet assurance, He loves you still, and your bitter sorrow will turn to sweetest joy.

When Jesus came to our earth many were disappointed. They planned, and thought, and looked for a glorious earthly kingdom, and, lo! it came not; instead, a simple, humble man went about, not giving the great

and noble still greater power and honor, but healing the sick, opening blind eyes, eating with publicans, for giving the sin of harlots. What a disappointment He was, and the more bitter cup of all to even His closest followers. He died between two thieves, and it seemed as though our sun had set in the heavens never to rise again. They were bitterly, bitterly disappointed. "We thought He would have made us rulers in the kingdom, and behold we have to go back to our fishing." But the sorrow was only for a moment. Soon He came back to them, yes, from the very hands of death, and made of those few fishermen greater men than the greatest rulers in the earthly kingdoms—apostles who have carried tidings of salvation to the ends of the earth, and who are the founders of the stones of the New Jerusalem. He disappointed them for a moment that He might make them glorious for ever. Let us remember it is the same Jesus Who is dealing with our lives. Let us thank Him for disappointing our little plans. We shall see at last that He was wiser than we, and loved us better than we did ourselves. Hallelujah!

"And when, amid our blindness, His disappointments fail, We trust His loving-kindness, Whose wisdom sends them all; They are the purple robes That hide His glorious feet, They are the fire-brought hings Where truth and mercy meet."

—F. R. Hargrave.

A SYRIAN SHEEPFOLD.

A missionary in Syria, Rev. Mr. Jassup, sends the Assembly Herald this description of a sheepfold in the Holy Land. It adds light and interest to a favorite passage of Scripture:

You see an enclosure near at hand. Right, a low stone wall have been built into, wall seven or eight feet in height, but the enclosure is incomplete. A space only wide enough for a man to enter is left open. You are told that this is a sheepfold. But it has no door. You wonder how the flock is protected, and you turn to the guide with the question, "But where is the door?"

"The shepherd is the door," he replies.

You exclaim in surprise. He then shows you how the shepherd plants himself in that opening, and wraps himself in his great sheep's cloak of skin, does the enclosure of the flock. Does not a new meaning now appear to you, and do you not better understand the significance of John x. 7, "I am the door of the sheep." In the version is the eleventh verse, "I am the Good Shepherd." The Good Shepherd is the door.

MONEY GETTING.

The man whose heart is set on money-getting cannot be other than sordid. His thoughts are on the earth. He has no goal in life that is worth while. The man whose heart is set upon the attainment of lofty character—who loves to work that he may make the most of himself and help others to make the most of themselves—is a king among men. When he dies the world will still be in debt to him. His life is worth while. A great character is a magnet. Its influence may be unseen, but it is a power, like a magnet. Men as spontaneously pay homage to genuine excellence as they draw breath. The man who has mastered himself is always a prince, whatever his environment. Others who have fought the same battles know the struggles that are necessary to attain that mastery, and respect the character that could not be overthrown by them. Those who have not mastered their environment, and they recognize in the mass of self-control that character which they have fought for and failed to gain, and voluntarily bow before that which is superior.

The secret of happiness is not in the size of one's purse or the style of one's house, or the number of one's friends; the fountain of peace and joy is in the heart.

WANTED--MORE DESPERADOES.

By T. W. S.

The Children of Israel had wept all night. "Let us go back into Egypt!" they cried. "Why stay here and die?" What does all this mean? Is God true? Are we doomed to disappointment? Have we not been laboring under God's promise, and is this the end of it all?

For the benefit of all such we will sing—

"Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My struggles and wrestlings be over,
My heart by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and shaming no more?"

Now for the heroes of the chapter. In the midst of the above trying circumstances, here come two out-and-out desperadoes, two real desperadoes, full of hot enthusiasm, full of faith and power. In dead earnest about the Kingdom of God and the welfare of God's people. Indeed it was a struggle to face such a task, to oppose their own comrades, to face a report they felt in their hearts was false, and likely to lead astray the whole nation. What a position to be in! True to their convictions, they struck out for full salvation, for the whole counsel of God, and tried hard to lead the people up to their standard, and to do it.

"Hold on," cried Caleb, "Hold on! Don't throw away your birthright. 'Cast not away your confidence.' Hope thou in God. Listen: 'If the Lord delight in us, then He will bring us into this land.' (Num. xiv. 8.)"

"He will bring us in. Don't question how or when, but He will do it. These men say it is a good land. Look at the fruit of it; and just because they mention a few difficulties, you lose heart, say, 'We can't use it; let's give up the land; let's go back to Egypt and leave the whole concern, and forget the God of your fathers, the day of your emancipation, and God's gracious dealings with you.'

"Call to remembrance the former days."—Heb. x. 32.

"Let us go up at once and overcome it; for we are well able to overcome it."—Num. xiii. 30.

"Let Us Go Up at Once. AT ONCE."

"Don't you remember the former days? Have you forgotten the days of darkness, the ten plagues, the mighty deliverance from the king of Egypt, the passage of the Red Sea, the goodness and kindness of your great Father? And now you rebel and grieve your God. I tell you, we can possess the land. We are well able to go up. Why, they are afraid for us; their defence is departed from them. Come on, let us go at once. Come on, comrades."

"Come on, brothers and sisters, come on. Put on your armor, girding out your dress, bid your wives march forward, and let us go at once and possess it."

Let us stop right here and sing—

"Oh, for that trust that brings the triumph
When defeat seems strangely near;
Oh, for that changed fighting
Into victory's ringing cheer!"

Faith triumphant,
Knowing not defeat or fear."

And now sing it again.

"Here these men fill you" with despair and dishearten you. It is true we cannot enter the land. WE cannot do it, but God can. Let the walls be high, the people strong and many, the great God of heaven can bring us in. Remember the past, remember the present, and let us trust the Lord of heaven for victory. What do you lack? God sends you food, keeps you clothed, and feeds you night and morning; and not you, but especially you, if you believe. "Our own comrades come on dry your tears, brush aside your fears, and in the might of Jehovah let us march forward to victory!"

"Their clothes waxed not old, and their feet swelled not."—Neh. ix. 21.

"Did we not come into the land as well as these ten men? Joshua can testify to the goodness of the Lord, and even to the tenacity of these men who have lost heart, lost faith, lost confidence, and fill you with fear and wonder. Don't rebel against the Lord. Don't provoke the Holy One of Israel. No, no! but come on and

enter the good land, for we are well able to possess it."

Believed Evil Report.

Poor old Caleb and Joshua tried hard to turn the tide, but failed. The people believed the evil report, and bade stone with stones the two desperadoes. Anyway, they delivered their soul, cleared their garments of the people's blood, and were rewarded by their Heavenly Father, while the others were punished.

"But Joshua, the son of Nun, and Caleb, the son of Jephuneh, which were of the men that went to search the land, lived still."—Num. xiv. 38.

Thus the story is told. What are the lessons for you, my comrades, my brothers and sisters? Caleb is wanted just as much to-day as in Joshua's time. The land is dry and

was anxious to see the Duke of Wellington, to show him a bullet-proof coat which he had invented. At first, the Duke, being busy, would not see him, and gave orders that the coat should be sent in for inspection in the usual way. But, being told that the soldier was particularly anxious to explain the merits of his invention personally, the Duke at length replied, somewhat testily, "Bring him in." The soldier appeared, hearing his bullet-proof coat, and said, "What's the invention?" "Yes, sir." Put it on! The man complied, when the Duke turned to his A. D. C. and said, "Fetch a gun!" The soldier vanished! He had not sufficient confidence in his own invention to stand being fired at.

Al, my comrades, you must be clothed in full armor, the whole armor



David the Shepherd.

And David said unto Saul: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard and smote him, and slew him."—1 Sam. xvii. 34-35.

Spoken. "Can these dry bones live?" Soul-saying is going out of the fashion. People walk and act as they see and hear, to a great extent. God is not taken into their calculations. The strength of man is considered, and the strength of man is according to the power of mankind.

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

—2 Cor. x. 4.

Men and women of to-day are out of touch with the life of religion. The Spirit of the Gospel is not in evidence to any great extent. The letter is in abundance. "The letter killeth, the Spirit giveth life." This is what we want—real Holy Ghost life, sanctified dash, holy enthusiasm, passion for souls, and to cry with David, "The spirit of Thine house hath eaten me up."

Next to your confidence in God, you must have confidence in yourself. Read the following:

Bullet-Proof Salvation.

A story is told of an old soldier who

was anxious to see the Duke of Wellington, to show him a bullet-proof coat which he had invented. At first, the Duke, being busy, would not see him, and gave orders that the coat should be sent in for inspection in the usual way. But, being told that the soldier was particularly anxious to explain the merits of his invention personally, the Duke at length replied, somewhat testily, "Bring him in."

The soldier appeared, hearing his bullet-proof coat, and said, "What's the invention?" "Yes, sir." Put it on! The man complied, when the Duke turned to his A. D. C. and said, "Fetch a gun!" The soldier vanished! He had not sufficient confidence in his own invention to stand being fired at.

Al, my comrades, you must be clothed in full armor, the whole armor

The writer can mention several places, small places, too, that for years had been hard disheartening to officers, discouraging to what few soldiers were in the place, yet the time came when the tide turned, and many souls were born in the Kingdom of God.

Let no officer or soldier lose heart; yield not to temptation, lower not your standard. Be faithful yourself and lead your people on to victory. Heaven is for you. Enter the land of promise, and get desperately in earnest about the King's business, which requires haste!

The Lord bless you!

MODERN BACKSLIDERS.

The Chicago presbytery at a meeting recently discussed the old, yet ever new topic, "Why don't the people come to church?" Rev. Atwood H. Percival put the case plainly and in a unique manner when he read the Backsliders' A. B. C. The summary of evils which confront the church was compiled from the opinions of a number of Chicago visitors in reply to the question, "What are the difficulties peculiar to your field in the way of the progress of religion?" The symposium read as follows:

A.—Ambition to be on equal footing with others in style of living and dress, and, if possible, outstrip them.

B.—Blaming the church for coldness. Apathy after giving energies to outside organizations.

C.—Covetousness, card playing, craze for purple novelties.

D.—Debt, division among Christians, dancing, dyspepsia of spirit, so that neither the milk nor meat of the Word can be assimilated.

E.—Erroneous views of God's Word.

F.—Frivolity, formality and false teaching.

G.—Gambling and gossip.

H.—Haste to be rich and scarcity of homes.

I.—Intemperance, indifference and inconsistency.

J.—Jealousy in the ranks.

K.—Knee drill neglected.

L.—Love of gain, low moral tone of politics.

M.—Mistaking means of grace for grace.

N.—Neglect of family religion.

O.—Ordinances irregularly attended.

P.—Pleasure seeking, political corruption and poverty.

Q.—Quack evangelists.

R.—Rivalry between denominations.

S.—Sabbath desecration, scepticism and slander.

T.—The Trinity of evil—the world, the flesh and the devil.

U.—Uncharitableness, universalism.

V.—Vanity in individuals and churches.

W.—Wordliness.

X.—Extravagance. Exodus of good families.

Y.—Young and old dominated by the principle: "Enjoy yourself and don't get hurt."

Z.—Zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls wanting.

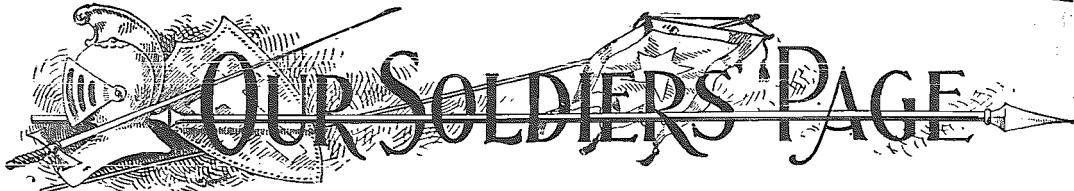
The Chief Aim of Man.

In speaking of the drift of church members towards pleasure seeking, Dr. Percival said:

"Many have practically anticipated the revision of the creed, and have made the first question of their new and shorter catechism read: 'What is the chief end of man?' and their answer is 'A man's chief end is to have a good time.'

"Hundreds of young men have subscribed to their new creed. In general they select resorts where they can, with the greatest ease, throw off the restraint of religion and desecrate the Lord's Day with impunity. Middle-aged men have subscribed to it, and as pleasure means to them the getting of gold, they rise early and go to bed late, and tell bushels of lies, and drive hard bargains, to amass and maintain their filthy lucre."

"The state of religion in the home is not satisfactory," continued Dr. Percival. "Especially in the city is family religion being superseded by the ever-increasing demands of social, philanthropic, literary, musical and theatrical engagements."



THREE OLD SAWS.

If the world seems cold to you.
Kindle the fires to warm it.
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts are frozen as your own
To that radiance gather.
You will soon forget to moan—
"Ah, the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness.
Go, build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it?
Raise your but, however slight;
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to root and mend invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world's a vale of tears.
Smile till rainbows span it.
Breathe the love that life encards.
Clear from clouds to fair it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver.
Show them how dark sorrows' streams
Blends with hope's bright river!

Daily Jonic.

SUNDAY.

"And God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."—Gen. i. xxxi.

All God's works are excellent. He is the Creator of all that is wonderful and beautiful. And if He expends so much care and wisdom upon the lower creation, will He not be at infinite trouble to make man His noblest creature, providing we let Him have His way? Trust Him better.

MONDAY.

"My presence shall go with thee."—Ex. xxxii. 14.

Fear not to obey implicitly the bidding of God, be it great or small, as we may distinguish it, for the promise of His nearness is ours.

TUESDAY.

"He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms!"—Psa. xviii. 34.

The weakest will receive herculean strength when the Lord bids them do a great thing and they answer, "Yes, Lord."

WEDNESDAY.

"God will not do crookedly, neither will the Almighty pervert judgment."—Job xxxiv. 12.

Yet how many people imply by their hesitation to do His will, or by their direct disobedience, that they believe Him to be capable of doing both.

THURSDAY.

"For they hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat."—Isa. xxi. 4.

All this and much more God delights to be to you daily and modestly.

FRIDAY.

"There is one Lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy; who art thou that judgest another?"—James iv. 12.

Be careful in your comments. Rather advise than judge. Your part is to help your neighbor; God will do the judging.

SATURDAY.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these

things shall be added unto you."—Matt. vi. 33.

God first, God next, God last, includes all our needs, all our joys, all our comforts, all our usefulness, all our blessings, all our gain.

BEAUTIFUL JESUS.

Jesus is the beautiful unto my soul, Jesus has cleansed me, and made my heart whole.

O'er me the waves of His mighty love roll.

Beautiful, beautiful Jesus!

Jesus is with me by day and by night, He is the Joy of my life, and its Light. Jesus is ever my greatest delight,

Beautiful, beautiful Jesus!

Jesus, so loving, so tender, so true, keeps me rejoicing each blessed day through.

Jesus is seeking your happiness, too.

Beautiful, beautiful Jesus!

Jesus is longing to pardon your sin, And then to dwell with you till it will come in.

Oh, He'll bring comfort and sweet peace within—
Beautiful, beautiful Jesus!

Oh, will you now let Him enter your heart?
Sorrow will vanish and sin will depart.

From this dear Friend you will never wish to part.

Beautiful, beautiful Jesus!

—Elise M. Graham.

GOD'S WAGES.

Purity is better than plenty.

God is just, even to grumblers.

It is better to earn glory for God than gold for self.

Heaven's greatest rewards will go to those who expect least.

He cannot work well who works only for wages.

God does not always pay His servants in earth's currency.

They miss the highest reward of serving God who serve Him only for reward.

To be employed in God's service is reward enough.

If God paid men only what they earn and deserve, the best of us would be poor.

Readiness is counted service by God.

Probity does not always bring prosperity, but it brings peace, which is the best earthly reward that Christ has promised to those who work for Him.

God values the spirit of our labor more than its amount.

If we believe—and we do—that all of life's good gifts come from God, then we must acknowledge that every day, and every hour of every day, we are being paid by God far beyond what we have earned.

Every Christian is overpaid. God never lets a man give more work than He gives wages. He will not suffer Himself to be in debt to a mortal. God's rewards far exceed our deserving.

Our Topic.

"IS ANYTHING TOO WONDERFUL FOR JEHOVAH?"

These words, which are a slightly varled, but very striking, translation of the passage in Genesis xviii. 14, are the declaration of the mysterious Angel of the Covenant who is recognized by Abraham as the representative of Jehovah Himself (verse 22). In the previous chapter we have the first record of a direct declaration to Abraham that the Covenant should be established with a son born of Sarah; and with one loving plea for Ishmael, the old man accepted the promise, and entered into covenant relation to God by the rite of circumcision. On this second occasion the promise of a son to Sarah is confirmed by the "Certainly I will" of Jehovah; and as the incredulity of her mind breaks forth in amused questioning—"Shall I surely bear a child?" the messenger adds what was at once a reproof and yet a never-to-be-forgotten fact—"Is anything too wonderful for the Lord?"

Often Repeated.

This truth of the absolute power of Jehovah may be traced all through the Bible. Moses sang, "Who is like unto Thee, O Lord . . . doing wonders?" (Exod. xv. 11). Joshua said, "The Lord will do wonders among you . . . for the hand of the Lord . . . is mighty" (Josh. iii. 8; 19, 24). When Jonathan bravely went up to the garrison of the Philistines it was his assurance, "There is none like unto the Lord, to save a many, or a few" (1 Sam. xiv. 6). Job had already learned the same lesson, "God . . . doeth great things, past finding out, yea, and wonders without number" (chap. ix. 6); "I know that Thou canst do everything" (chap. xlii. 2).

But the very same words which were given to Abraham occur in Jeremiah xxxiii. 17-27. Here we find the prophet shut up in prison for declaring the word of God. The Chaldeans were besieging Jerusalem, and the city was going to be delivered into their hands, yet the Lord had commanded Jeremiah to purchase a family inheritance and take care of the tithe deeds, just as if nothing were going to happen.

What Could It Mean?

Notice that the prophet implicitly obeyed the word of God against all human judgment, and when he was permitted to talk to God about it afterwards. First, he pleads the omnipotence of Jehovah, His loving kindness, His wisdom, His faithfulness in the past, and he acknowledges His justice in sending chastisement on the disobedient people. Then he plainly tells God of his difficulty; he says, in effect, "O Lord, there is nothing too wonderful for Thee, but the Chaldeans have come to the city, Thou knowest they have, and it cannot be saved, and yet Thou sayest, 'Buy the field, and what doest it mean?'" Immediately came the answer from Jehovah to His troubled servant, who had obeyed where he could not understand, "I am Jehovah . . . Is there anything too hard for Me?" True the Chaldeans shall set fire to the city, and it shall be delivered (as ye say) into the hands of the King of Babylon, by sword, and famine, and pestilence, YET, I will gather them out of all countries . . . I will bring them again to this place, and I will cause them to dwell safely . . . (verses 27-24).

Do we catch the spirit of the teaching given to Abraham and to Jeremiah? In each case the circumstances were apparently dead against the fulfilment of God's promises, and in neither case were the difficulties made light of; but the priceless lesson, that these godly men learned, and which, through their experience, has been handed down to all believers, is this—the Word of God is above all circumstances; the promises of God are not limited by any seeming difficulties.

Nothing is Too Hard for Jehovah!

Passing on to the New Testament, we find the same teaching. In Mark x. 23-27, our Lord has been speaking of the impossibility of any disciple entering the Kingdom, while trusting in earthly things; and by means of the familiar figure of a heavily-laden camel seeking in vain to pass through the narrow doorway into the city gates, He has shown how men must stoop and be stripped of all hindering possessions before they can be saved. In their astonishment the disciples exclaim, "Who then can be saved?" And Jesus looking upon them in mingled surprise and pity, answered, "With man it cannot be; but not so with God, for with God there are no cannots."

Lastly, we will turn to Luke i. 26-38. Here, again, a wonderful—the most wonderful—promise of God is spoken to a lowly maiden in Nazareth. She listens tremulously, then asks, "How shall this be?" And when assured that that power of God would accomplish that which is above all human thought, and when the great truth is once more clearly and directly spoken, "With God nothing shall be impossible," or, as in the Revised Version, "No word from God shall be void of power," her faith, in all humility, accepts the word. "And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy word."

There are hundreds of God's children to-day placed in such circumstances that they do not see how it is possible for God's promises to be fulfilled to them. To all such we would say,

God Never Underrates Your Difficulties;

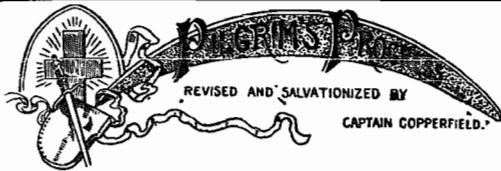
He knows all about them, far more than you do; for He has been Satan's desire to have you doubt how he will put every obstacle in the way of your simple trust in the power of God; but remember, this is only one side of the matter. When you have put all your difficulties in one scale place the word of God, which contains the power, in the other, and the result will be a glorious song of praise. "Blessed be the Lord God . . . Who only doeth wondrous things!" E. M. P. W.

HEART IS POWER.

A man's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man; if he is erroneous, then he is powerful for error.—Spurgeon.

MORE RIGHT THAN WE KNOW.

"When a man is wrong, he is more wrong than he knows." Think of the next time you are on a through train that does not go through because it was late somewhere. Instead of making up time, it continues to lose it. Local trains have now put their right of way, and block signals hold it up remorselessly. All things seem to conspire against it. Let the virtue of being on time shine in a new light, and be glad that, "when you are right you are more right than we know."



CHAPTER XXI.

The Trial at Vanity Fair.

When the day of the court was come they were marched to the hall of justice between two policemen, and were charged before the Judge, Lord Hategood, with the following indictment.

"That whereas they had, by holding a noisy open-air meeting, obstructed the thoroughfare in Vanity Fair town, so that some few hours, days were unable to pass ; and, further, that whereas they had won a party over to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their Prince, they were a danger to the community, and should not be left at large."



"Judge Lord Hategood."

Christian was ordered to stand down for a little while Faithful was being tried. In reply to the question, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" he began to answer, "That he had only set himself against that which had set itself against him who is higher than the highest." And, said he, "as for disturbance or obstruction, I make none, being myself a man of peace. The parties who sided with us were won over by beholding our own truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the King you speak so highly of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels."

Then proclamation was made that they who had anything to say for their lord, the King, against the prisoner, at the bar should forthwith appear, and truly give their evidence. So after a while three witnesses came in, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Cigarette. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar, and what they had to say for their lord, the King, against him.

Then Henry Envy mounted the witness-box, and said, "My lord, I have known this man for some time, and will attest upon oath, before this honorable bench, that he is—"

JUDGE : "Hold! Give him the oath."

So they swore him. Then he said, "My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regards Prince nor people, law, fashion, or custom, but does all he can to gain over people to the side in what he calls principle of faith and holiness. To be particular, I heard him once say that Christianity, and the customs of our town, were opposed to each other, and could not be reconciled. He also said that the people who lived in these streets of ours named after the different denominations were not better for living there!"

Then said the Judge, "Have you anything more to say?"

ENVY : "My lord, I could say much more, only I do not wish to be tedious to the court. There needs be, however, when the other gentlemen have given their evidence, rather than anything else he wants, I will consent to be

recalled." So he was ordered down. Then they called Simon Superstition, and having sworn him had him look upon the prisoner at the bar. Then he asked what he could say for their lord, the King, against him. So he began—

SUPERSTITION : "My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him. However, this I know, that he is a very troublesome and dangerous man. I actually overheard him say the other morning that our religion was nothing, and such that man by it could hope to please God. Which means, of course, my lord, that we worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned : and this is what I have to say."

Then said Cigarette sworn, and bid to say what he knew on behalf of their lord, the King, against the prisoner at the bar.

He was allowed to smoke while giving his evidence, and was accommodated with a spittoon, placed on the table.

Cigarette's Accusation.

CIGARETTE : "My lord, and you gentleman all, I have known this fellow for some time, and have heard that he speaks things that should not be spoken. Indeed he has spoken disrespectfully of our noble Prince Beelzebub, and has sneered at many of his honorable friends, such as Bristol Bird's Eye, Yellow Gold Bar, Old Duke, Lord Cavendish, Death Dust, Demon Eye, Pure Stinkpot, and many others of the great ones of this world. He said, moreover, that if all members of his mind these would immediately be confined in prison. Besides, he has not been afraid to speak of you, my lord, saying that you 'may Judge to-day, but will be judged against to-morrow.'

When this Pin-point Cigarette had given his evidence, the Judge addressed the prisoner at the bar, saying : "You heretic, fanatic, and traitor! I have heard about this Salvation Army to which you belong. I only wish I had the whole of you before me! Do you hear what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against you?"

FAITHFUL : "May I speak a few words in my own defense?"

JUDGE : "Fool! You deserve a padlock on your mouth, and a rope around your neck; yet, that all men may see our gentleness and sense of justice, let us hear your defense."



"After a while three witnesses came in."

F. : "I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy has sworn to, I never said anything but this, that what rules, or customs, or laws of people were opposed to the Word of God, should be obeyed. If I am in the wrong, in consequence of my error, and I will recant. As to the second witness, and his charge against me, I only said this, that those only can worship God who belong to God, and have been born again of the Spirit. Therefore,

no mere education about the things of God can satisfy Him, or will stand when every man's work will be tried by fire. As to what Mr. Cigarette says and does, I confess that I spoke my mind freely about it. Smoking is merely a filthy habit, and when a man spends all his time on tobacco he becomes god. I said that, in my opinion, a Christian who smokes cannot pray with clean lips, and has no right to defile the temple of the Holy Ghost. I said again, that there would be no smoking in heaven, but there would be a deal of it in hell, to which place most smokers were going, including the Prince of this town."

Then the Judge called to the jury (whose minds were already made up): "Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man who has caused an uproar in our community, and obstruction in our streets. You have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have testified against him. Also you have heard his criminalating reply and confession. I leave it with you to take or save his life, but shall first do my duty by instructing you in the law, as it bears upon this case. In the first place, there was an Act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our Prince, that, lest those of constraint religion should multiply and grow too strong, their male children should be thrown into the river. There was also an Act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whosoever would not fall down and worship the golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an Act made in the days of Darius, that those, for some time, called upon any God but him, should be cast into the lion's den. Now, the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, in thought, word, and deed, and is left for our gentleman to say what his punishment shall be. Pharaoh's law, I may add, was made on a supposition to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. On the second and third count of the indictment, you see he would overturn our religion, and has confessed bls. guilt, so deserves to die the death. Our city by-law against obstructing any street in the interest of the Kingdom of God is also very plain, but the greater charge includes the less."

The Verdict of the Jury.

Then the jury retired to consider their verdict. Their names were : Mr. Blindman (foreman), Measrs. No-Good, Malice, Love-Lust, Live-Loose, Headstrong, High-Mind, Enmity, Liar, Cruelty, Hate-Light, and Revenge. Everyone gave in his private verdict against the prisoner, and the jury all voted to bring him in guilty of death before the judge. The first among them said, "A blind man could see this man is a fanatic." Then said Mr. No-Good, "Away with such a person from the earth!" "Yes," said Mr. Malice, "for I hate the very looks of him." Then said Mr. Love-Lust, "I could never live with him." "Nor I," said Mr. Live-Loose, "for he would always be condemning my sins." "Hanging is too good for him," said Mr. Headstrong, "I say, 'hang him!'" said Mr. High-Mind. "My heart rises against him," said Mr. Enmity. "He is a hypocrite and rogue," said Mr. Liar. "I should like to kick him," said Mr. Cruelty. "Let us send him to the hell he preaches about," said Mr. Hate-Light. Then said Mr. Revenge, as he ground his teeth, "Let us bring him in guilty of death." And so they did. Therefore, he was presently condemned to be taken from the place where he was to the place from whence he came, and there be done to him the most cruel death that could be invented.

So they brought him out to do with him according to their law. First they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives.

After that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords, and, last of all, they burnt him to ashes at the stake. Thus Faithful, who proved himself worthy of his name, was promoted to glory.

Now, I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Superstition said, that there came a chariot of glory-gold, and a couple of milk-white horses waiting for Saint Faithful, who was taken up in it, and driven through the clouds, with the sound of a celestial brass band, the nearest way to the Celestial City.

But as for Christian, he was remanded back to prison. So he remained there for some time, until God planned an opportunity for him to escape, which he availed himself of. He got out of the town, as well as the prison, and went on his way singing—

"If all were easy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be, where would the fight?"

But in the hardness God gives to you Chances of proving that you are true! Keep on believing, this is the way!

(End of First Part.)

Texts for the Troubled.

If you are down with the blues read the twenty-third Psalm.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, read the third chapter of Revelations.

If you don't know where to look for a month's rent, read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If you are lonesome and unprotected, read the ninety-first Psalm.

If the stovepipe has fallen down and the coals gone off in a pot, put up the pipe, wash your hands, and read the first chapter of James.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians.

If people pelt you with bad words, read the fifteenth chapter of John and the fifty-first Psalm.

If you are getting discouraged about your work, read Psalm xxvi. and Galatians vi. 7-9.

If you are out of sorts, read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

If you are troubled about what you ought to say to someone who is seeking salvation, read the fifty-first Psalm.—Uplook.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Righteousness is Christ-likeness; it is taking the principles and the ideals of the life of Christ, reverencing them, thinking of them, reproducing them. It is not a creed, nor a set of habits, nor a set of customs, but a life; a yearning after perfection, a desire for holiness, an aching for God which is as "a well of water springing up into everlasting life," and which yet shows itself by the most ordinary and practical service of our brother man.—Canon Elyton.

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Righteousness (Hebrew word) right in all its senses—natural, legal, personal, religious; to be all right, right-hearted, consistent, thorough; also to be in the right, to be justified, to be vindicated; in particular, it may be, to be humane, to be just, to be correct or true to fact, to fulfil the requirements of religion and especially the commands about almsgiving.—Dr. Adam Clark.

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Righteousness of Christ.—In heaven there is no imputing of sin; in the souls of men it is a reconciliation of rebellious natures to truth and goodness. In heaven it is the lifting up of God's countenance upon us, which begets a gladsome entertainment in the souls of men, holy and dear reflections and reciprocations of love; divine love to us, as it were, by a natural emanation, begetting a reflex love, "How we love to God, which, like 'eth' and 'anion' (love and return-love), spoken of by the ancients, live and thrive together.—John Smith.

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Everlasting Righteousness.—That the highest good should be loved in the highest degree; that dependent creatures should never glory in themselves, or admire themselves, but ever admire and adore that unbounded goodness which is the source of their being, and all the good they partake of; that we should always do that which is just and right, according to the measure we would others should do with us.—John Smith.

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The man who is suspicious lives in a constant state of unhappiness. It would be better for his peace of mind to be too trustful than too guarded.



CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES.

NOE more we hear those familiar words, "Next stop Saint John," with the emphasis on the "Saint," and in a few minutes the beaming faces of Brigadier Sharp and Staff-Captain Phillips come in sight.

The purpose of my visit to the East and Newfoundland is souls and business. We commenced at once in dead earnest. Properties, officers, the past, present and future, were dealt with. A meeting was held at St. John; it was lively, and yet solemn, and its result gave the record—Angel is little work to do.

The barracks in Halifax are at the same old spot, and there I found also, a large number of the old soldiers, who look just about the same—if anything, a little happier. Certainly, the time-old fire is still burning. Six souls graced the penitent form. Six souls were added to the list of the dead. Mr. Dowell is in charge of the district; the grade is not growing under their feet. The Juniors are progressing under the leadership of Sergt.-Major Rotman.

Halifax II. is to have a new barracks, having been turned out of the old one, and are to possess on the street, John Ritchie of Dartmouth, plumber, alderman of the town of Dartmouth, treasurer of the Salvation Army Corps, sometimes big drummer and holder of several other honorable positions, has come to the rescue by building a barracks, which he is going to rent on a long lease to the corps.

It is the order of the day to meet officers with smiling faces over the Self-Denial; it is the same old story. "Gone over our target. Glory be to God!" Very few corps are the exception, and there were very exceptional circumstances.

When we arrived at Glace Bay I noticed a small cloud hovering over the face of Mrs. Capt. Thompson; underneath it there were smiles. It appears that Mrs. Thompson had ambitions of being the champion collector among the wives of the field officers of the Province, when and to say for Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. McElroy, of St. John I, was found to be a few dollars ahead. Never mind, Mrs. Thompson, you have had the pleasure of knowing you gave St. John I. a very close call, and I have a slight suspicion that you were not the only one to have given a few dollars in St. John to part with the mighty dollar. Notwithstanding the apparent defeat of Mrs. Thompson, Capt. Thompson is in high glee. Anyway, says the Captain, Glace Bay beats the Province, going the most over its target.

Glace Bay is a coming place, and has a coming barracks. The soldiers have started to give well—very well. That is the way to get a new barracks. The public will now be asked to do the same. At our meeting we had six souls out for sanctification and salvation.

Sydney meeting was held in the Methodist Church. Brigadier Alice Larmer, the chief officer of the corps, God reward good time, good collection and four souls were the results of our meetings. Like Glace Bay, Sydney has ambition for a barracks, but unlike Glace Bay the soldiers have not yet given their donations. They are going to start at once. The Sergt.-Major has made a good start with a substantial promise; the others will follow, and, of course, put Glace Bay in the shade.

Capt. Goodwin, of North Sydney, is very ambitious. This is all right; the great Sydney has not frightened her. She has a secret which she has not mentioned to anyone, and that secret is there is only one to herself. Her Lieutenant and a few more are to get a large crowd for a visit, and do better than Sydney.

The large crowd in the Royal Albert Hall, and the big collection, all

testified to the energy of the Captain and Lieutenant in this matter. We had to close a little early. "A great pity we could not have held on a little longer," says the Captain. "I am sure we should have had more souls. The young man who did come was delighted with salvation."

Our good friend S. S. Bruce is at the wharf. I remember seeing this noble vessel before; if one is painted red, she would make a good Salvation Army vessel. She can stand all weather, pure on through all difficulties, wind or rain, snow or ice, gales or hurricanes, smooth or fine weather. This time it is the latter. I am quite willing it should be so.

Good-bye, Brigadier Sharp; we have had a lovely time. Had someone at the penitent form in every meeting, also good crowds, good collections, good weather and a good Brigadier. Now good-bye! All aboard for Newfoundland!

Port aux Basques is our landing place. We are eating a little breakfast, in the shape of some salmon sandwiches, kindly prepared by Capt. Goodwin, when lo and behold, three Salvationists appear, a Captain, a sister Sergeant and a sister soldier. Now, to be sure, Salvationists everywhere! Introduce myself; the Captain is from Channel, going to Council to St. John; the Sergeant and soldier are going to stay at home. I was sure it was him I knew him by his name in the War Cry. That was very encouraging, to hear such a beautiful testimonial to the good qualities of the S.A. engraving department. (Thanks.—Ed.) I am confirmed in my opinion that there is nothing like the Salvation Army.



From South Africa another reverse has been reported during the war, which happened to General French's command. Sixty-six Cape Mounted Rifles were captured by the Boers in Cape Colony. Otherwise the Boer resistance is being gradually worn down. Surrenders, captures and casualties in the Boer ranks are continually reported, and are mounting up to an enormous number. General De Wet is still his convoy, and is seriously handicapped on that account. Reports have been circulated that General Botha was going to arrange peace terms with Lord Kitchener without reference to Mr. Kruger. The Boer population concentrated in camps in South Africa number, according to an official report, sixty-three thousand, of which thirty-four thousand are children. Appeals to support the Boer women and children have been made in Great Britain and the United States.

A Tornado in Nebraska caused a great deal of damage, and the death of eight persons. One village was nearly entirely destroyed.

A Flood in West Virginia, caused by the Elkhorn River being swollen by a cloudburst, swept a coal camp near Bluefields. Hundreds of men have been lost and an immense amount of damage sustained in public and private property, especially the miners' houses.

An injunction against the striking machinists has been issued by a Milwaukee judge, to prevent interference with workmen now employed in certain works, also for gathering about the factories and from picketing, etc.

Spain is making vigorous efforts to replace the loss sustained during the Spanish-American war. A navy is under construction, and a large number of new guns are ordered from England.

A monument to the memory of Laura Secord has been unveiled at Lundy's Lane by Mrs. Ross, the wife of the Ontario Premier. Great crowds attended.

Ex-Governor Pingree of Michigan died in London, England. He was well-known in the United States for his social efforts to help the poor.

According to present information there are about two thousand one hundred Boers in Cape Colony, and they continue to secure occasional recruits.

The War Office returns give the total loss for the month of May as follows: One hundred and sixty-six killed, one hundred and fifty-nine died of wounds, four hundred and eighty-nine died of diseases, twenty-three were killed accidentally, making the total death seven hundred and thirty-four, and two thousand and twenty-two men were sent home as invalids.

The Royal sanction has been withheld from an Act passed by the Queensland Legislature excluding the Chinese from the territory.

Another daughter has been born to the Czar. The Czar has issued a ukase commuting the punishment of the riotous students in celebration of it.

An Indian girl sixteen years of age encountered a bear near Rat Portage, and despatched it with an ax. She skinned it and brought the pelt to Rat Portage for sale.

The Russian Plague Commission has declared Egypt infected with the bubonic plague.

PUBLICITY.

Publicity has become the atmosphere in which we all live and move. The whole civilized world is being converted into a great whispering gallery, where that which enters the ear reverberates round the whole big dome.

GAZETTE.

Promotions.

Lieut. A. Quist, to be Captain at Regina.
Lieut. McWilliams, to be Captain at Lunenburg.
Cadet Prowse, New Westminster, to be Proh.-Lieutenant.

Appointments.

Adjt. MCGILL, Nelson, to Vancouver Corps and B.C. District.
Adjt. ALWARD, Vancouver, to Nelson, B.C.
Ensign KNIGHT, Westville, to Dartmouth.
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.

Editorial.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts.

Commander Booth-Tucker has wired our farewelling Territorial Secretary his next appointment, which will be the command of the Atlantic Province, with Headquarters at Philadelphia. This is one of the important commands of the U.S.A. Territory, and gives Lt.-Col. Margetts great scope for the exercise of all his energy and skill. The Canadian field wishes Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Margetts a hearty God-speed, and shall preserve a green memory of their faithful service.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY IN NEW-FOUNDLAND.

(By wire.)

Council campaign a mighty success. Desperate battle for souls, Colonel Jacobs in command. Wonderful baptism of Holy Ghost. Heavenly gales blowing—regular hurricanes of blessing; sixty-six for pardou and purity: finances and crowds excellent. Self-Denial completed; gone three hundred and sixty dollars over target. Officers going to new appointments full of enthusiasm and faith.—Major Smeeton.

EAST ONTARIO TRIUMPHANT.

Self-Denial Target Smashed—Officers Worked Well.

By wire.

The difficulties have been overcome. We have smashed our target as a result of the Self-Denial effort. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the officers are worthy of much credit. Every arrangement was a complete success.—W. J. Turner, Major.



The Duke and the Army.

What Part the Salvation Army Took in the Celebration of the Visit of the Duke of York to Australia.

Among the magnificent decorations displayed in honor of the visit of the heir apparent to the British throne, the S.A. Headquarters had a distinction of its own. The Australian War Cry says :

There was one building that had a decoration all its own. Needless to state, this was our own splendid Headquarters building, which fairy lords it over the whole of Bourke street on ordinary occasions, but on this one was "decorated" to such effect that even the Short-Sighted Man, the Man-Who-Can't-Believe-His-Own Eyes, and the Man-Who-Doesn't-Like-the-Army, had to look at it. Further, it compelled the admiration of the stately personages who had preferred to pass it once, twice or thrice on their way to the various state functions.

To begin with, the Commandant had decided that it would typify the real Salvation Army principle in the midst of so much that was showy, and, further, that it should render to God the things that were God's. Thus its striking mottoes contained such texts as these: "God Save Australia!" "The World for Christ!" "Prosperity to the Commonwealth!" "Righteousness Exalteth the Nation!" and, finally beneath the grand stand that had been specially erected for officers and soldiers, who paid for their seats, "The Salvation Army Greets You!" was a motto specially intended for our Royal visitors.

Patriotism and a Cross.

Running up the centre of the building were tri-colored shields, bearing the flags of all nations, showing thereby our international character. Above the whole, in the centre, waved the Salvation Army flag, flanked on either side by the flags of Britain and Australia, and at night a striking effect was produced by three strings of electric lights dangling over the stand. These were helped by a huge arc lamp, while above the whole, high up at the masthead, gleamed a beautiful cross in electric lights, a striking reminder to one and all of Jesus Christ, the thorn-crowned King of kings.

We have no space to farther describe these things. Suffice it to say, when the day arrived for the Duke's welcome, the Salvation Army stand presented a most attractive picture.

The tedious wait usually involved on such occasions gave one a full view of Bourke Street. At the top could be seen Parliament House, its steps crowded with Government guests, and its striking motto, "God bless the Commonwealth!" outlined in electric globes. Huge stands were packed with people, as were the streets, as far as the eye could reach, the whole forming a picture of humanity that could not fail to thrill the heart of any who yearn for the salvation of the masses. How it made one long to see these well-dressed crowds prepared to meet and greet the Lord Jesus Christ!

But we did what we could. At regular intervals the hand correctly and sweetly played many of our favorite songs and marches, to the evident delight of the people; and the Commandant led us off with some well-known choruses, which floated on the air with a sweetenss and charm that were irresistible; under such unique circumstances, until at length patience was rewarded, and the Royal procession appeared.

When the Royal equipage, with its

attendant guards, at length turned the corner, amid a sound of subdued cheering, the Commandant stood up, and we prepared to give the Royal pair an out-and-out salvo of cheer. The cheering died down, and we saw the Duchess, shapely up at the striking red and white mottoes written across the face of Headquarters. Then the Commandant gave the word, and a rousing cheer went up, which made the street ring again. The Duke turned his eyes towards the grandstand, as did the Duchess, who gave a very pleasant smile, and bowed several times in acknowledgment, while

UNITED STATES.

The Commander unexpectedly and unannounced visited Newark I. on a recent Sunday night, the idea being to see the corps in its normal state. The Commander was very agreeably surprised. He took part in the open-air, and, as is his custom, spoke. The crowds were large, the church magnificent. Between 500 and 600 were present in the auditorium. There was also a remarkable case of conversion.

The Consul has been spending a few days at Cleveland, endeavoring to raise a fund for our colony at Fort Herrick, the owners of the land having kindly offered to deed it to the Salvation Army conditionally to our raising this fund for its development.

Mrs. Brigadier Streeton, of Southern California, is at present quite ill.

The officers of the Atlantic Coast Province are ready to give Colonel and Mrs. Margetts a hearty reception.

Capt. Bearchell, an old Canadian officer, recently transferred to the

£75 15s. 0d.; and Northern division (S. C. Shaw), £60.

Notwithstanding the hardness of a field officer's life in Jamaica, at one country corps, where a steady revival has been going on for some months, no less than twenty of the soldiers attend, applying for the work. They are all black lads and lasses, and some of them are fairly well educated.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The General landed in London from his Continental journey in anything but a satisfactory state of health. It appeared that he caught a chill at Nimes in the south of France, and having to pass on immediately to Paris, and there conduct officers' councils and a difficult public meeting in the Agricultural Hall, he was in a very exhausted state by the time he came to leave for London. When he did reach the city his condition was such as to cause the Chief of the Staff some anxiety.

During the General's twenty-five days on the Continent, he traveled 1,500 miles, held meetings and councils in Zurich, Basle, Chaux-de-Fonds, Milan, Turin, Nimes and Paris, and best of all, saw 537 men and women kneel at their penitent forms and seek divine pardon and purity.

India is losing for the present Commissioner Higgins, who is now visiting London in the interests of that great field, which he has so successfully led to victory.

Brigadier Pearce was announced to sail for South Africa by the R.M.S. Norman on the 15th of June.

The Army has lost two staunch friends in the deaths of Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Robert Buchanan.

The General's Secretary, Adjutant Barrett, was recently married to Staff-Captain Neal by Commissioner Pollock.

The Naval and Military work at Gibraltar is making splendid progress. Our open-air work has of late been greatly facilitated by special privileges granted by Sir George White. Until recently none of His Majesty's men were permitted to speak or sing in the open air. Now they are allowed to do both.

A Cycle Brigade has recently been formed in London, consisting of twenty L.H.Q. officers, all mounted on cycles. The Brigade will visit corps within fifty miles of the metropolis. Our comrades intend to camp out in their own tents, and to prepare their own meals. Staff-Capt. Hart has been appointed the Medical Officer to the Brigade.

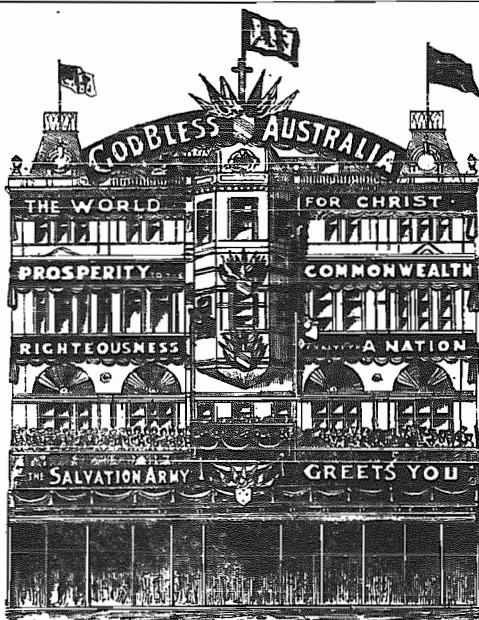
Brigadier Maldment has arrived safely at Buenos Ayres. He had a good voyage, despite the boisterous weather. The reception meeting was a success. An interesting ceremony took place at the Brigadier's installation. Two little mites, the children of officers, presented him with the flags of the Argentine and Uruguay Republics, where they had been born. He was then consecrated to the salvation of the people.

Commissioner Coombs has just conducted a successful series of meetings in Belfast, Ireland. One hundred and fifty souls came to the Mercy Seat.

The wedding of Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay and Staff-Captain Onslow in the Leeds Town Hall, conducted by Commissioner Coombs, was a gigantic affair. Many prominent officers and friends were present to give their blessing to the proceedings.

RED-HOT REVIVALISTS AT WOODSTOCK.

Glorious commencement to our Woodstock campaign! A score of meetings already for Sunday and Monday. Glorious scenes Sunday night at the penitent form—mother and daughter the first to come. Glorious Market Square open-air at 12.30. Three souls seeking pardon at the drum head. Great Park demonstration Sunday afternoon: sympathetic crowd gave \$6.40. Offerings for weekend twenty-one dollars. More triumphs to come.—Brig. Pugmire.



Decorations of our Australian Headquarters on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall.

the Duke saluted with very great dignity.

The Army's cheer roused the whole of Bourke Street. It was here we told the band to cheer harder that afternoon, and it was followed immediately by the band striking up "God Save the King!" in which anthem the whole of the officers joined. As the sound floated out it was taken up by the crowd, until the refrain was heard with magnificent effect. It was a thrilling moment, and one not easily forgotten.

The Commandant, as the head of the Salvation Army in Australia, and also Mrs. Booth, were invited by the Government to all the state functions, and the opening of the Commonwealth Parliament. They attended one or two of the most important, and thereby came in contact with many Army friends and sympathizers, besides receiving many tokens from statesmen and others who are intensely interested in our work.

Teaching for the unattainable may not be profitable, but it is nobler than sitting idle and gradually sinking in the slough of stupidity.

United States field, has been promoted to the rank of Ensign.

Major Margaret Allen, until recently in charge of our Naval and Military League of London, England, is furiously in the United States.

During the Consul's visit to Cleveland she collected over \$20,000 towards the new colony to be established at Fort Herrick.

The Commander's campaign in Boston, Mass., has been a season of wonder, triumph and blessing. Councils and public meetings were all conducted with Holy Ghost fire. Sixty-seven souls knelt at the penitent form and cried to God for pardon and purity. Great crowds and greater enthusiasm marked the meetings.

JAMAICA.

Jamaica, W.I., has raised for Scotland this year £216 15s. 0d. This shows what can be done by organization, notwithstanding widespread poverty. This amount comprised Kingstou division (Adj't. Naden). £80; Western division (Adj't. Leib). £80; and Northern division (S. C. Shaw), £60.

BATTLE BULLETINS

A Great Triumph.

Spoke Peace to a Sin-Sick Soul.

Bismarck.—Once again God has drawn very near to us. Last Friday He spoke peace to a sin-sick wanderer, and we are proving His goodness and love in answering prayer. Hallelujah! —A. R. H. Bristow, Lieut.

The Target Struck.

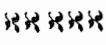
Blenheim.—Struck Self-Denial target of \$80: an increase of \$5 on last year. Capt. Jordinson and Lieut. Crank are to be congratulated on their success.—Ina Groom.

The Largest for Years.

Bothwell.—Bothwell is on top again. The Self-Denial target was smashed. The comrades worked well, and are rejoicing over the victory. Major and Mrs. McMillan, with the boys, and Lieut. Webber, spent the weekend with us, and were a great blessing. The crowds and finances were the largest we have had for years.



Mrs. Glover,
Champion
S.D.
Collector,
Orillia, Ont.



A number of old ranters were on the march and platform, and helped to make things lively. The Major spoke with great power and liberty, and although no one yielded, we believe that much good was accomplished. There is a bright future for the Army in Bothwell.—Capt. Campbell.

Of the Early Days.

Bridgewater.—We have reached our Self-Denial target. Capt. Miller and Lieut. Fraser are hustlers, and deserve a word of praise. The faithful few are advancing. Bro. Jerry Taulenthalen, an old warrior of the early days of the Army here, was over to meeting Sunday night an pleasant as usual. We are all marching along in the good old way, determined to conquer.—Reporter.

Pray for the Captain.

Brockville.—We are sorry to report that Capt. Cook is very ill. We miss her very much, and God has blessed her labors in this place, and we pray that His will soon restore her to health again.—Lieut. Waugh.

Home from the Banks.

Burin.—The fire is still burning, and souls are coming to Jesus. Some of our men soldiers are home from the banks. The meetings on Sunday were up to date, and things are looking brighter. God is on our side and victory is sure.—M. Janes, Capt.

Moved to Tears.

Campbellford.—Ensign Hicks was with us on Saturday and Sunday. She was made a great blessing and inspiration to us, and we met with great interest and help, especially the Sunday night service. The audience was held spell-bound for about three-quarters of an hour, as the Ensign dealt faithfully with them. Although no one yielded to the invitation given, some were moved to tears, and we believe her visit has left a lasting impression on the people.—Noisy H. S.

Turned Back from the Dance.

Carman.—Since last report six souls have knelt at the Cross. One sister was going to a dance in the country, and when about three miles out of town she felt it was what the Lord wanted her to do, so jumping out of the rig she walked to town, came to the meeting, and got saved. Hallelujah! We had the Red-Hot Brigade for one week, and they left a deep impression on the people. Our Self-Denial has been a great success. We reached our target without any difficulty.—J. S. S.M. Dallman.

Carlton.—By a united effort our target of \$130 was reached, and by \$12, thanks to the whole-hearted efforts of the comrades. One sister pledged herself to collect \$16, and succeeded in \$10; another collected \$32.50. Thank God! He always causes us to triumph. Lieut. McWilliams has donned the red braid and goes to take charge of Lunenburg.—Capt. G. Hudson.

Two Ministers Assist.

Charlottetown.—Capt. Martin has farewelled, after fourteen months of faithful and valued officership. She goes to St. Stephen. Capt. Moore leaves on Tuesday for the Garrison. We pray for her a successful life of soul-winning. Ensign Sabine's mother passed away on Friday, the 14th. Remember the Ensign and the family in their sorrow. S.D. victory was complete. Souls are still being saved. Rev. Mr. Raymond and Rev. Mr. Baker were with us to-night. P. S. Mr. Baker spent a week in Summerside.—H.

Signs of a Coming Break.

Clarenville.—We have had a two-day's visit from our D.O. Ensign Hiscock, who conducted a good meeting. Four souls were saved. On Sunday night two professed salvation, and on Monday night two more. Our people are leaving daily for different parts, some to Labrador and others to New Glasgow and Sydney, but God's presence is abiding with us.—Jim Janes, and Wm. Kearley.

A Lady and Her Large Dog.

Dartmouth.—Sunday morning, at knee-drill, while a lady knelt at the prominent form, her large dog came and sat by her side until she got through. Evidently she has been kind to her dog. Self-Denial is history with us now. Faith and hard work brought our target in all O. K. Capt. Ritchie deserves special mention for collecting \$32.20. We shall soon lose him, but pray that God may bless his labors in the Field. Capt. and Mrs. Thompson farewelled on Sunday for a

few mouths' rest, on account of the Captain's throat giving out after a severe attack of quinsy. Our next officers can depend upon a good welcome.—One of 'em.

With Blistered Feet.

Digby, N.S.—God has been blessing the efforts of His followers here, and we have been more than ever encouraged to go forward and do our best for God and souls during the coming months. We smashed our Self-Denial target. Bro. and Sister Adams sharing a big part of the work by collecting \$17.13. In spite of many miles of walking with blistered feet. Their target in the first place was only \$6. God bless them!—Farrel.

Soldiers in Full Uniform.

Dundas.—God is blessing the work here. We have had two souls recently. Praise God! The soldiers are coming out in full uniform. We have also reached our S.D. target.—B. Sheppard, Lieut.

Two Little Armor-Bearers.

Fergusham.—Capt. Marshall, after a faithful service of six months, has said farewell, and gone to Bracebridge corps. Capt. Calvert has arrived, and is enjoying himself very much. Ensign Perry, T. F. S., and his little armor-bearer, have given us a four-days' visit. Our S.D. target of \$65 has been smashed, and \$2 more raised. Sister Lougheed's brother, Andrew, has passed away. We are looking forward to a visit from our O. A. Adj't. Ogilvie, an ice-cream and cake champion, on the 24th, and Capt. Poole's visit, about the 30th.—J. E. Calvert, Capt.

The Clock was Smashed.

Freshport.—On Sunday, as the people came into our barracks, some were seen to smile very broadly at the Self-Denial clock. The centre was all torn to pieces, as if somethin' had been fired at it. No doubt they wondered what such a torn thing was on the wall for. The Captain soon explained that it represented a smashed target, and asked all who rejoiced with us to fire a volley. We are having victory. Three backsliders have returned to God, and are doing well.—Capt. Lily Richards.

A Spiritual and Financial Success.

Gravenhurst.—During the Week of Self-Denial three precious souls knelt at Jesus' feet and professed conversion. We can say, without hesitation, that the Self-Denial was a grand success both spiritually and financially. Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Rattan are the champion collectors of this corps. Each comrade bit the target allotted to them, and some doubled it.—P.G.L.

OFF TO BOOM SELF-DENIAL.



Capt. Ritchie and Lieut. Hamilton, of Kentville, going on their collecting tour.



Mrs. Rattan,
S.D. Collector of Orillia

Blessings Every Day.

Great Falls.—We are marching forward, and God is blessing us day by day. A number of Christians attend our meetings, and we have a blessed time together.—J. R.

Nine Souls at the Cross.

Halifax I.—On Tuesday night two souls sought salvation. Thursday night we had an ice-cream social, and Friday night a lantern service. We had a grand day on Sunday, starting with a good knee-drill, and finishing up at night with seven souls at the Cross. Hallelujah!—Treas. Cashin.

Went His Way to Calvary.

Hespeler.—The devil is trying hard to defeat us, but we thank God for victory. We had good meetings all day Sunday, and one soul wept his way to Calvary.—B. D.

Onward and Upward.

Medicine Hat.—Our corps is still at the front, and pressing onward and upward toward the prize. Every effort is being put forward for the salvation of souls, and we believe that the more souls is taking root, as many additional converts of sin. May God abundantly bless our Army, and may He doubly bless our corps and lead us on to victory.—P. E. Bonnell.

Hard Battle—Glorious Victory.

Midland.—Sunday's battles were hard, but God gave us the victory at the close of the day, and we rejoiced over one backslider returning to the fold. To God be the glory for ever.—B. E.

Some Brave Soldier-Boys.

Milton, Man.—There is situated about fourteen miles north-west of Milton, where the Army started meeting about two years ago. We have a few soldiers and converts, and meetings are held every Wednesday night, by the officers. Our brave boys, however, were not satisfied with this, so they started meetings on Sundays, and now have from forty to eighty persons at their services. God has been blessing them wonderfully. One day I was stopped by an ugly-looking man, who addressed me thus, "Say, Captain, you have a fine lot of boys at your outpost, if anything would make me believe in religion, it is the lives and devotion of those lads. I wish I had the same peace of mind and heart they have, and that I had started in my youth to serve God." Alex. Hall, Lieut.

Brought to Tears.

Nanaimo.—After succeeding in gathering a crowd of five or six hundred people on Saturday night by bearing an immense wooden cross through the main street of the city, it was easy to have high faith for Sunday. Sunday came, and with it the mighty blessing of our God. Whillo the Captain showed, by action, how the nails were driven through those beautiful hands of Christ, the people were moved to tears, and one precious soul yielded to the pleadings of the Spirit. Others were deeply convicted of sin, and our fair lay helpers held God for their souls. Crowds and finances were troubled. The Juniors are in fine condition, and give us good attention. We are expecting Adj't. and Mrs. Alward over with us for a day or two. God bless them. The Army in Nanaimo is decidedly on the up grade.—Cadet Rowlands.

The T.H.Q. Music-Makers

Oshawa Receives a Lift—Successful Park Meeting—Magnificent Open Air Attendances.

At first it seemed as though Oshawa was doomed to disappointment, owing to the sudden information that the boat's time-table would not fit in with our arrangements, but, always equal to an emergency, we proposed to take by cycles for the purpose of making the return journey. On the Monday morning was hourly endorsed by all.

Friday night we took steamer for our appointment. The weather was ideal, and the beautiful sunset as we entered the harbor at Oshawa was beyond at least the writer's description. Three miles' wheel along a dusty road brought us to the barracks, where we at once prepared to let the inhabitants know of our arrival. It was nine o'clock before we took our stand at the four corners, but we were greeted by a splendid crowd, to whom we

Made Known Our Program

for the next day or two.

Saturday was a very busy day. We were fortunate in making special arrangements for a meeting in the Park, and after a noon-day meeting with the men at the Malleable Iron Works, which was much appreciated and attended by almost all employed at the large works, we undertook to make our Sunday afternoon arrangements known by painting and posting large bills in the most prominent places in the town. The open-air demonstration at the four corners quite came up to our expectations. We had heard of Oshawa's partiality for S.A. open-air meetings, but hardly expected that

Between Five Hundred and a Thousand People

would line the streets. The music and general proceedings, piloted by Staff-Captain Creighton, created much interest, and paved the way for the delightful musical gathering held in the evening. Adj'tant Morris related some of his Klondike adventures. We had heard of Oshawa's partiality for S.A. open-air meetings, but hardly expected that

Many hands make light work, or make it hotter for the devil, we might say, so the responsibilities of the campaign were apportioned. Adj'tant Attwell took hold of the knee-drill, which was attended by eighteen. We were encouraged to judge our own hearts, and the testimonies of the officers bore evidence to the fact that great things can be accomplished by those whose hearts God has cleansed. Charlie's address made a profound impression. He is always to be found at his post with the company. The balanced meeting was a deeply spiritual time. Our hearts were inspired and our spiritual strength renewed.

The Afternoon's Park Demonstration, conducted by Adj'tant Morris, was a great success. Hundreds of people took the advantage of attending this meeting. The proceedings were rendered attractive and interesting by plenty of selections, brass, string and vocal, and we did not fail to realize and take advantage of the splendid opportunity of giving the great crowd something to think about. They assisted us liberally with their money, but we were not privileged to see anyone kneeling at the Mercy Seat.

The night's open-air meeting was well attended, and the barracks full. We were required to bring into use seats which had been packed away for some months, and in the hurry

A Serious Accident

was only overtaken by a little presence of mind on the part of one or two of the Brigade. The meeting, conducted by Staff-Captain Morris, was powerful, and the situation grasped by all our comrades, who did not spare themselves for its success. The visiting officers delivered pointed addresses in turn, setting forth the advantages of being on the side of God and righteousness, and

we believe a lasting impression was made on both sinner and backslider. Much conviction was evident, but the many robbed us of the pleasure of pointing anyone to the Lamb of Calvary.

The officers are hard-working and sincere, but have a difficult fight in there. There must be a rallying to their side and a quickening of hearts and ambitions among the soldiers, then victory will follow. The weekend's income was over \$30, and the expenses being light, the local corps has received a substantial lift.—A. E.

Salvation at the Horse-Races.

Morden.—Since last report two souls have sought salvation. On the 24th of May we arranged open-air meetings at Rose Bank, where the people from several towns had collected to witness the horse-racing and other sports. We had two splendid open-air, led by Capt. Brander, of Carman, assisted by Capt. Askin, and those who came to see the sports gathered round us to hear of Jesus.

Saturday night a bar-tender took a decided stand for God. Soldiers and officers are all on fire for God and souls, and we are praying that God will pour greater blessings upon us, and that many souls shall be saved. We have smashed our Self-denial target, and are going in to do our best for God.—Jennie Bone, Lieut.

Delighted with the Meeting.

North Head.—We had a visit from our worthy P. O., Brigadier Sharp, accompanied by Staff-Capt. Phillips and Adj't. Jennings. Although the crowd was small, yet all who came to hear our worthy leaders were delighted with their burning words, which were a blessing. God bless them.—Capt. Smith.

The D. O.'s Visit.

Old Frederic.—Ensign Brown, our D. O., led the meetings on Saturday night and all day Sunday. We had blessed times, especially on Sunday night, when the Ensign gave a very touching address. Many were convicted, and we believe the seed sown will bring forth fruit.—F. White,

traveled over 4,000 miles to get here. We gave her to understand by a warm welcome, that there are as warm-hearted people in the West as in the East, or anywhere else. We miles from Ogallive, for not only did she shoulder the responsibility of the Rescue Home, but many times she pointed the finger sinners to Christ in our meetings. Capt. Thor was a great help to her, and Staff-Capt. Jost can rest assured that she will do her level best to push along the blessed work. Three souls sought forgiveness, and on Sunday two came for the precious blessing of a clean heart. We will tell you all about our target in our next report, as quite a number have not yet given their targets in. We are following the blessing will turn out O. K. Hallelujah!—J. O. Logan, R. C.

Four for the Kingdom.

St. George's, Bar.—We have just concluded our Week of Self-Denial. God has been very near to us and helped us in our work. We rejoice over four souls won for the Kingdom. Capt. Prince and the Hamilton corps have been with us for a week-end. It was also the Captain's welcome meeting to St. George's. The people turned out in good crowds, and gave the Captain a real Bermuda welcome. Her singing and speaking were enjoyed. On Monday night she gave her life's experience.—Corps-Captain E. Astill.

Eight Souls—Up-to-Date Income.

St. John's I.—We are having some grand times at this camp, with souls saved every week, and recruits enrolled every month. The past Sunday was grand. The Citadel was packed to the doors, and we had eight souls for the day, and an up-to-date income. Officers and soldiers are all in a boil and we expect big times in the future.—J. S. McLean.

Three Souls—An African.

St. Johnsbury.—The work is being pushed along with considerable success. The Self-Dental effort was fully up to the standard. We have recently been favored with visits from prominent officers. Staff-Capt. Burditt spent a week-end with us, and his visit was a blessing to us all. Major Turner and Capt. Owens favored us with an evening, and we were very much pleased to welcome the new Major, and our old friend, the Captain, who stayed over another evening. The people responded very liberally with the collections. At the Major's meeting a young colored man, bright and smart, only a year out from Africa, sought the Lord. We trust that some day he will help to spread the light of Gospel truth in the dark continent. Two others have knelt at the Mercy Seat seeking salvation; one of them is the mother of one of our most faithful soldiers. Praise the Lord!—W. C. R.

Soul Saved—Target Reached.

St. Stephen.—Brigadier Sharp, Staff-Capt. Phillips, and our D. O., Adj't. Jennings, paid us their first visit on Monday night. Calais corps united with us in giving our visiting officers a hearty welcome. The meetings were enjoyed very much by all, and one soul knelt at the Mercy Seat.

Our S.-D. target has been reached. The officers worked hard, and deserve much credit. The soldiers, also, got their target, and unitedly we have met with success.

Capt. McEachern, after three months' fighting here, farewell last Sunday. She goes for a much-needed rest. We are sorry to lose her. She has our best wishes and prayers for her speedy restoration to health and to the front of the battle.—Soldier.

Four Backsliders and One Junior.

Uxbridge.—We can report victory during the past two or three weeks. We have had the joy of pointing four backsliders and one junior to Christ.

We are believing for greater victories in the future.—Capt. Ida Peacock.

The Sound of the Drum.

Waterville, N.H.—Once more the sound of the drum is heard in this village. It is about one year since we had no meetings. Lieut. Hamilton now visits us once a week. Ensign Parker recently gave us a lantern service.—Mrs. Walkers, G.B.M.A.



The T.H.Q. Quintet
who formed part of the Musical Brigade that visited Oshawa.

wondrous love. We trust some good seed fell on good ground, and will bring forth good fruit. Our Captain has been very sick, but God has seen fit to restore him and he is getting along nicely now.—Alex. Hall, Lieut.

The High-Water Mark of \$1,004.

Neiger.—At the pic social at the Salvation Army barracks, Adj't. Morris, G.O., made a very gratifying announcement that as a result of the local Self-Dental effort and building scheme he had great pleasure in informing the friends assembled that their target to raise \$1,000 had been exceeded, as the amount now stood at \$1,004, which had been collected and promised during the last four weeks. This has been obtained in addition to any amounts already collected for the building fund and general work, and in all cases smaller amounts, not only for the generosity of the people of Nelson, but equally well for the perseverance of the local officers. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was a full house, and the crowd enjoyed the proceedings in every way. Mrs. Capt. Beaumont of Rossland, was present and addressed the gathering.—Nelson Daily Miner.

A Bar-Tender Saved.

North Bay.—We have had blessed times during the past week. On

Assisted by a Minister.

Picton.—Meetings all day Sunday were good. At night the Rev. Mr. Dunkley spoke to us for a short time. We were all glad to see him, and on in saying "Come again."—Lillie Love.

Six Have Sought Pardon.

Sherbrooke.—Hello, how's Sherbrooke? It's all right. Staff-Captain Burditt paid us a visit recently, and he's all right. Come again soon, Staff-Captain Cand. Ovey has gone to the front. Our loss is the Field's gain. The Owens Brothers are doing their best to make a move in the right direction, and we anticipate a bright future for the "Hub" of the Eastern Township. Major Turner led the meeting this past Sunday. There was a good crowd and a good impression made. Since the Owens Brothers struck the city six have sought pardon.—"Spiritual Tramp."

Many Souls Saved.

Spokane.—Our hearts go out in gratitude to God for the many souls we have witnessed of late seeking His pardou. Thursday night we welcomed Staff-Capt. Jost, who is taking charge of the Rescue Home, in the place of Ensign Ogallive, who has gone to Butte, Mont. May God bless them in their new stations. The Staff-Captain, who has come from the far East,

The Territorial Staff Band VISITS ST. CATHARINES.

The T.H.Q. Staff Band, with Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin in command, have been to St. Catharines, Saturday and Sunday, 22nd and 23rd inst., were the dates. The weather was delightful for the journey, and the water behaved beautifully, thereby earning the gratitude of some members of the party, who otherwise would not have enjoyed the trip so much.

The Saturday night's Band Festival had rather an unfortunate beginning, owing to the new electric railway, which runs from Port Dalhousie to St. Catharines, not having power enough to get the band cars up the hill. Several of the bandsmen, with the baggage, had to stay in the port until the later boat came in. However, when they did arrive, they found the barracks filled with a good crowd of people, who had evidently made up their minds to go in for an enjoyable evening.

The music of the band, the playing of the soloists and the singing of the male quartet and chorus was much appreciated, as was also Adjutant Morris' Klonlike talk.

Knee drill, led by Staff-Captain Morris, was good. There was a good crowd present, who received blessing from God. The testimony and songs in the evenings meeting were on the right line, and Staff-Captain Archibald's Bible lesson was as nail fastened in a sure place.

The band and soldiers marched to the Park in the afternoon, where a magnificent crowd had gathered. About two hours they listened to the strains of the hand, and the testimonies and songs. It was a lovely meeting. Although the sun was very hot, the light breeze and the leafy canopy overhead made it very pleasant. On Sunday night another large crowd filled the barracks, where a stirring Salvation meeting was led by the Captain assisted by Capt. Calvert. A holy influence pervaded the service. Men and women were brought face to face with their condition before God. The Brigadier's talk, the songs and the testimonies, all united to bring this about, and at 10:30 we closed with one man at the Mercy Seat.

It seemed very unfortunate that, on account of the smallpox scare, the officers, Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Wilson, should be in quarantine, since there appears to be no cause for it. Capt. Palling, the base surgeon, and supply, came to the rescue, and with the assistance of the soldiers and local officers, made the best of the existing circumstances. We pray that this seemingly unfortunate occurrence may be the means of untold blessing to the corps, and the Kingdom of God!

The campaign, on the whole, was a great success. Finances and crowds were good, and many were deeply convicted of sin.—F. E.

MAJOR ETHEL GALT'S VISIT.

The Daughter of the Eminent Chief Justice Conducts Special Services with the Salvation Army Here.

(From the Lindsay Watchman.)

The last two weeks have been of more ordinary interest in Salvation Army circles. For twelve days of that time the services were conducted by an officer whose education, personal appearance, gifts and social connection were particularly conspicuous, and profound spirituality and enthusiasm in religion to render her of the deepest interest not alone to Army adherents, but to many whose usual attitude towards its work is nothing more than passive good-will.

This visitor was Miss Ethel Galt, major, daughter of the late Chief Justice Galt, of Montreal. This lady, though a member of one of the first families in Canada, is an out-and-out Salvationist—drum, pike, bonnet and all. Her singing—she is a beautiful singer—and speaking, both on the street corner, where she often accom-

panied her singing on the organ, and at the barracks, were sources of pleasure and profit to large audiences.

Besides being deeply evangelical, Miss Galt is something of a philosopher in her religious teaching. Her appeals are largely to the human will and its self-determining power to do right or wrong.

Miss Galt has been in Army work for 11 years. She was accompanied for the last few days of her visit by Miss French, captain, Toronto, and Miss LeDrew, captain, who is her companion on these special evangelistic tours. In Army parlance, Miss Galt is a spiritual special, and corresponds somewhat to the itinerant evangelist in other churches. The services concluded with that of Monday night. Afterward an cream social was held to give people a chance to say farewell to Miss Galt. Adj't. Hale was greatly pleased at the results of Miss Galt's visit.



BEYOND THE RIVER.

Feversham.—After three weeks' suffering with rheumatic fever, Andrew Lougheed, aged about twenty-three years, a brother of our comrades, Sister L. Lougheed and Mrs. Robertson, passed to the great beyond. He was buried on June 12th, in the Union Cemetery, at Singhampton. In the absence of the Methodist minister, the funeral service was conducted by Capt. Calvert, who was assisted by Elder Cahor. Let us pray for the bereaved family that God will help them to be ready for the eternal morning.

Reader, what about you? The book-agent calls to see you with his samples. If you want a book you say "Yes"; if you don't want to buy one you say "No." Your companion in sin asks you for a drink, or a cigar, you either say "Yes," or "No." You again say "Yes" or "No." In these have you the power to either accept or reject, to say "Yes" or "No." Sooner or later the voice of God is going to speak to you, saying, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." This voice you will be forced to obey, no power of rejecting is yours. Then, dear reader, be wise while you are on this side of the grave, which certainly decides all, but does not end all. If you are a sinner, cast yourself at His feet. Whoes blood cleanseth from all sin. If you are a Christian, or a so-called Christian, "Be ye holy, for I am holy."—J. E. Calvert, Capt.

IN THE BETTER LAND.

Wallaceburg, Ont.—Sadness has come to the home of Bro. Frank Davis, of Port Lambton, by the death of his dear wife. Our beloved comrade passed away on Monday, June 19th, in the prime of life. A very large crowd attended the funeral service, and testimonies from different comrades were given to the fact that Sister Davis had been the means of their conversion. The Rev. Mr. Jones, who kindly permitted the service being held in his church, spoke words of consolation and truth, and walked to the graveside with us. Our comrade was given a real Army funeral.

Sister Davis will be better remembered as Lieut. Johnson. Our sister spent some years laboring as an officer. She has never lost her love for God and souls, and has ever sought to carry out her promise to be true to God and the Army until death. Sister Davis has been a great blessing to the Wallaceburg corps, and will be missed. We intend, by our Father's help, to meet her in the better land. Our hearts are sad for those who are left to mourn. May God bless them.—E. P. T., for Capt. Bur-

JEHOVAH MY ALL.

For many long, dark years I walked without God,
No beam from above lit the path that I trod;
But down from God's throne streamed the glory at last,
The True Light now shineth, the darkness is past.

Without a companion I've dwelt on the earth,
My soul turned away from the world's hollow mirth;
The Lord's Christ has come my Companion to be,
The Son of the Blessed abided with me.

Among dusty volumes and annals of yore,
I sought to allay my soul's craving with lore;
But now to His name majesty, power, and praise,
My soul's satisfied in the Ancient of Days.

Before earthly idols I once bowed my head,
And vainly I knelt at the shrine of the dead;
The living God caused them to vanish away—
The Portion of Jacob is my God to-day. —Elsie M. Graham.

To Set You Thinking.

One bad example spoils many good precepts.

Patient waiting is in its time the highest duty of a faithful soul.—H. Clay Trumbull.

How many actions, like the Rhone, have two sources, the one pure, the other impure.—Julius Hare.

If we wait until everybody is consistent before we become what we ought to be, we shall die in our sins.

God pays us for being willing as well as for having.

Be sure that straightforwardness is more than a match at last for all the involved windings of deceit. In your daily life do what you feel right, say what you feel true, and leave with faith and boldness, the consequences to God.—F. W. Robertson.

My God, my Father, while I stray, Far from my home in life's rough way,

O, teach me from my heart to say,

"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day; Bind it with Thine, and lay away All that now makes it hard to say,

"Thy will be done."

—Charlotte Elliott.

CERTAIN PAYMENT.

Every day's newspaper announces the failure of some business concern, unable to meet its obligations. There are very few firms beyond the reach of possible disaster. But there can be no failure for God. He is superior to the sun. All who labor for Him are certain of wages. God cannot break His contracts with His laborers. He is a sure paymaster, as well as a good one.

THE SABBATH.

When a gentleman was inspecting a house in Newcastle, with a view to hiring it as a residence, the landlord took him to the upper window, explained on the prospect, and added: "You can see Durham Cathedral from this window on a Sunday." "Why on a Sunday above any other day?" enquired our friend, with some degree of surprise. The reply was conclusive enough. "Because on that day there is no smoke from those tall chimneys." Blessed is the Sabbath when the smoke-and-fume clouds of care and turmoil no longer obscures our view; then can our souls fully behold the goodly land, and the city of the New Jerusalem.—Surgeon.



T.H.Q. Library.

We have started with our modest stock, and some limited allowance, a central library in connection with the Editorial, which shall also be used for loaning books to officers of T.H.Q. and in city appointments. This is only a small beginning of what may become a great blessing. Any friends who feel disposed to donate some useful books out of their library to this departure, are kindly requested to forward their gifts to the Editor, S.A. Temple, Toronto.

More Song Services.

In response to the demands for more Song Services in the War Cry, we shall print in our next issue an excellent service, entitled "Trophies of Song," being an illustration of the blessing and means of salvation certain songs have been.

Mrs. Read's Journey.

Mrs. Read, in a private message, states that she had a lovely passage across the Atlantic, scarcely being sick, and therefore being able to spend most of her time on deck. Both she and her little girl, Violet, are already benefited by the journey.

Pleton's Population.

Ensley Pugh writes: "The population of this town was increased by one Monday last, a Jessie Cadet coming to the quarters. She has a good pair of lungs in her, and bids fair to become a great open-air singer (?) Her mother is in diapers now. We are not going silly over this. We do NOT think her the prettiest, sweetest, cutest thing on earth. Oh, my! But she is all right, just the same."

A Social Trophy.

Adjutant Dodd, of the Spokane Men's Shelter, writes: "A very interesting case came under my notice a few days ago. A young man, 28 years of age, waited outside the Haven to see the officer in charge, and as I came up the street said: 'Please, sir, could you tell me how to get a start in life? I am a big sinner, a gambler by profession. I have not done one day's work in my life.' I asked him into my office, where I told him God could and would save him, and we knelt down together, and God met him and saved him. I then told him he must go to work, and he said: 'But, sir, I will tell you what we would. Thank God, he said for someone who will help me.' He stayed with us for some time and went to meetings regularly, and marched and testified to the saving power of God. He has now got a good situation as waiter in a restaurant. Many young men thank God for the Army Haven."

GRIMSBY PARK.

The Grimsby Park program for the season of 1901 has just come to hand. A cursory examination leads us to say that the program gives abundant evidence that season 1901 will well sustain the high reputation which Grimsby Park has long enjoyed for providing the best sermons, lectures, and concerts that the continent can supply.

Since last season the Park has come under new management. The grounds have been enlarged and beautified, and the facilities for outdoor sports of any kind have been largely increased.

This oldest and best known of all summer resorts in Canada is every year growing in favor. It is very easy of access, a healthful and beautiful location.

Any of our readers can obtain a program by sending a post card to the Manager, H. B. Andrews, P. O. Box 524, Toronto.



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

The Germans remained terrible to the Romans for many years, and there were fights all along the line of the Empire, which their tribes often broke through; but nothing very remarkable happened till the sixth century, when there was a movement and change of place among them. This seems to have been caused by the Huns, a savage tribe of the great Slavonic or Tartar stock of nations, who came from the east, and drove the German nation west, and they were, before them for a time.

Then it was that the Goths came over the Danube, and, dividing into the Eastern and Western Goths, sacked Rome, conquered the Province of Africa, and founded two kingdoms in Spain and in Northern Italy. Their great king, Theuderick, who reigned at Verona was called by the Germans Dietrich of Berne, and is greatly praised and honored in their old

Then Vandals followed the Goths, and took Africa from them; and the Lombards, or Longheads, after the death of Theuderick, took the lands in Northern Italy, which had been held by the Goths, founded a kingdom, and called it Lombardy. The Burgundians (or Burg Castle men) galed the south-east part of Gaul all round the banks of the Rhone, and founded a kingdom there; and the Sacsen (sons of the sea men) settled themselves on the banks of the Elbe, whence went out bands of men who conquered the south of Britain. The Franks (free men) were, in the meantime, coming over the Rhine, first plundering the north of Gaul, then settling there. All the western half of the Roman Empire was overspread by these German nations, from the shores of the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Carpathian Mountains; and instead of being conquered by the Romans, the German nations had conquered them.

CHAPTER III.

THE FRANKS.

The most famous of the German tribes were the Franks, who lived on the banks of the Rhine, and were in two divisions—the Salian, so called because they once came from the River Yssel, and Ripuarians, so called from *ripa*, the Latin word for the bank of a river.

The Franks were terrible enemies to the Romans in the north-east corner of Gaul, and under their king, Chlodio, won a great many of the fifty fortresses that Drusus had built, in especial Trier and Köln, as they shortened the whole name of Colonia, a colony. Chlodio only joined with the Romans to fight against that dreadful enemy of them all, Attila the Hun, who was beaten in the battle of Soissons. After his death, those of his people who did not go back to Asia, remained on the banks of the Danube, and their country is still called Hungaria.

The kings of these Franks were called Merwings, from one of their forefathers. The only great man who rose up among them was Chlodwig (the French call him Clovis, but he shall have his proper name here—Chlodwig, famous war), who pushed on into Gaul, made Soissons his home, took Paris from the Gauls, and married Clothilda (famous wife), the daughter of the Burgundian king, who was a Christian. The other German tribes went to war with Chlodwig, the Allemanos especially; and it was in the midst of a battle with them, fought at Zulipich, that Chlodwig vowed that if Clotilda's God would give him the victory, he would worship Him rather than Freya or Woden. He did gain the victory, art was baptized by St. Remigius at Reims, on the 25th of May, 496, and about a thousand of his warors. Most likely he thought that, as Gaul was a Christian country, he could only rule there by accepting the Christian's God; but

he and his sons remained very fierce and wild. He conquered the Ripuarian Franks and made them one with his own people, and he also conquered the Goths in the south of France.

But when he died the kingdom was broken up among his sons, and they quarreled and fought, so that the whole story of these early Franks is full of shocking deeds. There were two kingdoms called Oster-rik, eastern Hispania, and Northerik, not eastern, or western, Burgundy, besides Burgundy, more to the south. The Oster-rik stretched out from the great rivers to the forests of the Allemanos and Saxons, and was sometimes joined to the Ne-oster-rik. The chief freemen used to meet and settle their affairs in the month of March, and this was called a Marchfeld; but the king had great power, and used it very badly.

It was never so badly used as by the second of two of the long-haired kings, Hilperik and Stephen, who reigned in the West and East kingdoms. Stephen's wife, Brunhild, was the daughter of the king of the Goths in Spain; Tredengon, the wife of Hilperik, was only a slave girl, and hated Brunhild so much that she had Sieghert murdered. The murders

Fredengon was found guilty of were

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(To be continued.)



THE AMBULANCE CLASS

CHAPTER XX.

Copper Poisoning from Food.

There are various compounds of copper, which are occasionally found in different articles of food, and which cause injurious effects when taken into the body. The most commonly met with of these is the sulphate of copper, or "blue vitriol."

Compounds of copper are frequently used in coloring pickles, and for preserving the color of vegetables, and all green peas, which have been canned are preserved. Prof. Redwood found that cans contained from eight to ten ounces of peas, furnished one or two grains of blue vitriol.

Copper is sometimes mixed with the food from cooking utensils made of copper or brass. The copper is separated from these vessels by acid liquors, by oils and fats, and by salt water. Several cases are on record in which serious, and even fatal, poisoning has occurred from the use of food cooked in copper and brass vessels.

Poisons in Sugars.

There has been a great deal of popular discussion upon the possibility of poisoning from sugar. The fact is, that while sugar is largely adulterated, yet but little matter of a poisonous sort finds its way into the ordinary varieties of sugar.

It has been asserted that sulphuric acid may be present in sufficient quantities to cause injury. The fact is, that, although sulphuric acid is used in the manufacture of the cheaper sugars, yet it is so effectively removed that it causes no perceptible effects.

Numerous analyses have been made by chemists in different parts of the world, as a result of which it seems to be well established that there need be no fear of using sugar because of the presence of sulphuric acid. Prof. Chodat, of Paris, examined, for the Board of Health of that city, a large number of specimens of sugar obtained from the stores, without finding any injurious articles.

Some time ago it was asserted that a serious illness was caused by a specimen of syrup obtained in a town in Michigan. Prof. Kedzie, President of the State Board of Health of Michigan, made an analysis of seventeen specimens of syrup, one of which was the article in question. He found that sulphuric acid was present in three of the samples, but not in quantity sufficient to cause injury.

It has been asserted that white sugars sometimes contained compound of lead, since sugar of lead is

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Parents, Relations, and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; for lost children, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER OF MISSING PERSONS, 100 Broadway, New York. Enquiry on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent. If possible, send a sketch of the person.

Officers, Societies, and Friends are requested to post regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First insertion.

TURGOTT, BERTHA. Age 21. Dark hair, blue eyes, light face, with dimples in cheeks. Last heard of in London, Ont., where she was in a Catholic orphan asylum. Mother enquiring.

BOWLAND, WILLIAM. Age 52, fair, a stone-mason by trade. He left Sheffield, England, in 1874, deserting his wife and family, supposed to have gone to Canada. Friends make enquiries.

BURNIGE, JOHN. Age 27, height 5 feet 6 inches, dark brown hair and dark complexion; he has a scar across his nose; he is a farmer; last address was Forest Farm, Whitewood Station, N.W.T. Parents anxious to hear from him.

BOEHM, AUGUST. Age 30, height 5 feet 12 inches, tall, dark complexion, light eyes. Last heard of in Klondike. His wife makes enquiries.

SOMMER, WILLIAM B. He calls himself Harry B. Sommer; living one year ago in Butte, City, Mont., where he served in a restaurant kitchen. He is enquired after in order that an inheritance of about \$15,000 be straightened out.

FETTIS, CHARLES E. Age 33, last heard from was in Monett Vernon, Washington, U.S.A. His aunt is anxious to hear from him. Address Mrs. A. W. Jones, 24 First avenue, Toronto.

HOLMES, HARRY. Left Yorkshire, England, over 40 years ago; last heard of at Port Huron, Ont. His sister enquires.

RICHARD, MISS ELLA. Native of Iowa; has not been heard of since the year of '85: light complexion, weight about two hundred. Mr. McNevin enquires.

KOHR, PETER and JOHN. Last heard of in Loudon, England. Mrs. Mary Kahr, of Helena, Mont., makes enquiries.

NEWMAN, CHARLES A. Was last heard of in Brandon, 1892; has lived in Portage la Prairie; age about 70. His daughter enquires.

Second insertion.

WALKER, ROBERT H. Dark complexion, blue eyes, large face, age 17, medium height, and stout. Mrs. Chaney, Orangeville, makes enquiry.

WENTZEL, CHARLES. Left home about 17 years ago. 5 feet 6 inches, dark hair, blue eyes. He carries one shoulder a little higher than the other. His mother, Mrs. Wentzel, enquires.

CURRY, MR. WHITFIELD. Age 35, about 6 feet in height, fair complexion, dark hair. Last heard of at Winnipeg about three years ago. His brother, Joshua Curry, Tweed, Ont., wishes him to write. There is money left to him there.

CHANT, JOHN. Age 26, height 5 feet 6 inches, dark complexion, fisherman. Left Bird Island Cove 16 years ago. Heard of three years ago at Port Morien, B.C. Friends very anxious.

ORGAN, LOUISA. Used to be connected with the Salvation Army in England. In 1892 she was thought to have emigrated to Canada, going out as a nurse. Any information will be acceptable at the S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

BROWN, ALBERT E. Colored. 5 feet 6 in, in height, age 23. Last heard of at New York, U.S.A. His mother, Mrs. Rochelle Mitchell, Kenville, N.S., is very anxious to hear from him.

GRIFFITH, REV. EDWARD. Baptist minister. Dark complexion, about 32 years of age. Last heard of in Michigan. An old friend is very anxious to hear from him.



Everything Running in Fine Style in the Approved Succession—Lieutenant Currel is Again Champion—Lieutenant White, of Fredericton, is Second, While Captain Newell and Captain Copeman Jointly Occupy the Third Seat—Newfoundland is Pick-
ing Up.

Capt. L. Branigan, W. O. P.

Eastern Province.

103 Hustlers.

Lieut. White, Fredericton	276	Capt. Winchester, Houlton	37	Sister Clara West, Hespeler	28
Cand. Newell, St. John I.	240	Mrs. Ensign Knight, Westville	36	Adjt. McHarg, Petrolia	26
Capt. Hudson, Carlton	30	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	26	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	26
Capt. Pierer, St. John II.	30	Ensign Crawford, Goderich	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Capt. Tilley, Liverpool	30	Mrs. Northcott, Bothwell	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Capt. Leadley, New Glasgow	30	Mrs. Christener, Petrolia	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Capt. G. Godsoe, Moncton	30	Lieut. Craft, Galt	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Capt. Hebb, Digby	30	Capt. Dowell, Ridgeway	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Capt. Parsons, New Glasgow	25	Capt. Coy, Strathroy	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Capt. Urquhart, Windsor	25	Lieut. Cook, Forest	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Cadet Ogilvie, St. John III.	25	Mother Broadwell, Kingville	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Bro. Smith, Glace Bay	25	Mother Cutting, Essex	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	25	Rhoda White, Simco	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
F. Adams, St. John V.	25	Bro. Caristene, Dresden	25	Cadet Kudgen, Lippincott	25
Sgt. Conroy, Halifax I.	25	Sister Jessie Gregor, Hespeler	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Lieut. Harding, North Sydney	110	Mrs. Atta, McLean, Petrolia	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Ensign F. King, Fredericton	100	Lieut. Lamb, Almoe Harbor	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I.	100	Mrs. Churchill, Petrolia	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Ensign Allan, Woodstock	100	Capt. Bouney, Wallaceburg	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Sgt. Santa, Hamilton	100	Marshall Bon, Wallaceburg	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Capt. Santa, Hamilton	100	Capt. Rock, Berlin	25	Capt. Campbell, Bothwell	25
Capt. Clark, Chatham	90	Lieut. Barner, Palmerston	25	Cadet Ells, Temple	25
Sgt. Conroy, Halifax I.	90	Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter	25	Capt. Fisher, Meaford	25
Lieut. B. Duncan, Newcastle	90	Adjt. McGillivray, London	25	Violet Leece, Barrie	25
Capt. E. Taylor, Sussex	90	Ensign Hollett, Galt	25	Sister Palmer, Orillia	25
Cadet March, Yarmouth	90	Mrs. Pettit, St. Thomas	25	Capt. Edwards, Temple	25
Lieut. March, Yarmouth	85	J. S. M. Hockling, St. Thomas	25	Bro. Dixon, Temple	25
Mrs. Ensign Allan, Woodstock	85	Capt. Coe, Ingersoll	25	Sgt. Brown, Huntsville	25
Lieut. Redmond, St. Stephen	85	Lieut. Smith, Ingersoll	25	Mrs. Capt. Howe, Bowmanville	25
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Calais	84	Capt. Groombridge, Theford	25	P. S. M. Tyler, Bowmanville	25
Capt. Clark, St. George's	80	P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	25	Ethel St. John, Glace Bay	25
Lieut. McKim, Liverpool	70	Capt. Plant, Drury	25	P. S. M. St. John, Glace Bay	25
Capt. Bradbury, St. John V.	70	Capt. Kitchen, Guelph	25	S. M. Bover, Bracebridge	25
Lieut. McWilliams, Carleton	70	Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	25	C. C. Matchett, Lippincott	25
Capt. Armstrong, Springfield	65	Sgt. N. Richards, Lindsay	25	C. C. May Tuck, Lippincott	25
Capt. Campbell, Summerside	65	Capt. Christopher, Orangeville	25	Ensign Sims, Lippincott	25
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	61	Ensign Brant, Brampton	25	Mrs. Ensign Sims, Lippincott	25
M. S. G. Halifax I.	60	Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	25	Mrs. Stewart, Lippincott	25
Sgt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60	Sgt. Tuck, Lippincott	25	S. M. Bowers, Lippincott	25
C. C. Chaleat, N. Sydney	59	Etzel White, Barrie	25		
Lieut. Netting, Stellarton	59	Ensign Lott, Parry Sound	25		
Capt. B. Green, Sackville	59	Sgt. Bowcock, Lippincott	25		
Capt. S. Taylor, Eastport	59	Capt. McCann, Huron St.	25		
Lieut. Mowbray, St. George's	59	Capt. Howcroft, Huron St.	25		
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	56	Capt. H. M. Minton, Oakville	25		
Mrs. Adjt. Frazer, Windsor	56	Capt. G. W. McDevitt, Little Current	25		
Capt. Thompson, Charlottetown	55	Capt. C. Rose, Midland	25		
Capt. Forsey, Canning	55	Capt. Powers, Sudbury	25		
Lieut. McDonald, Bridgewater	50	Capt. Meader, Sudbury	25		
Capt. Sitzer, Fredericton	50	Adjt. Walker, Riverside	25		
Capt. H. M. Minton, St. Thomas	50	Capt. Greavett, Riverside	25		
S. M. Morison, Glace Bay	50	Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound	25		
Mrs. D. McLean, Glace Bay	50	Capt. McLean, Owen Sound	25		
S. B. Bishop, Peterborough	50	Capt. Mathews, North Bay	25		
Capt. Miller, Bridgewater	50	Lieut. Bone, North Bay	25		
Capt. Bell, Somerset	50	Ensign McDonald, Dovercourt	25		
Capt. Lorimer, Campbellton	49	Capt. Paxton, St. George's	25		
Cadet Nugent, St. Stephen	45	Capt. Keats, Lippincott	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	45	Capt. Murray, Temple	25		
C. C. Colwell, Amherst	44	L. Coy, Hamilton I.	25		
C. C. Chapman, Amherst	44	Capt. B. LeDrew, Dundas	25		
Sgt. Blair, St. John III.	43	Mrs. Capt. Olson, Orillia	25		
Lieut. Tatam, St. John II.	43	Capt. McEachern, Cheltenham	25		
Adjt. Byers, Springfield	42	Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket	25		
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	42	Mrs. Capt. Coe, Newmarket	25		
Lieut. Lebans, Bear River	40	Capt. McNamey, Yorkville	25		
Capt. Thorne, Dartmouth	40	Capt. Downey, Yorkville	25		
B. S. Sharpe, Windsor	40	Adjt. Burrows, Barrie	25		
Bro. H. G. Hampton	40	Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	25		
Capt. H. Larder, Halifax II.	38	Capt. Quaif, Temple	25		
Capt. Wilson, Bridgewater	38	Mrs. Glits, Yorkville	25		
Capt. Wilson, Bridgewater	38	Sgt. Golden, Lippincott	25		
Capt. E. Williams, Guelph, Ont.	38	Capt. Christopher, Orangeville	25		
Capt. S. M. Allen, Mitchell	60	Lieut. Phillips, Orangeville	25		
Sgt. Palmer, London	60	Capt. Bowman, Temple	25		
Capt. Ringler, Wingham	50	Mrs. Dyer, Bracebridge	25		
Sadie Irwin, Wingham	50	Mrs. Strong, Bracebridge	25		
Mrs. Ensign Sloat, Stratford	50	Capt. Sherwin, Dundas	25		
S. M. Glover, Dresden	50	Capt. M. Stephens, St. Cathar-	25		
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	50	ines	25		
Mrs. Grassick, Woodstock	50	Mrs. Bowbeer, Lippincott	25		
Capt. Jordinson, Blenheim	45	Capt. Griffith, Hamilton I.	25		
Capt. Gibson, Leamington	45	Capt. Stickells, Hamilton I.	25		
Capt. Britton, Stratford	40	Capt. B. Bond, Huntsville	25		
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Bothwell	40	P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	25		
Capt. C. W. Thompson, Glace Bay	40	Bro. Langridge, Huron St.	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Mrs. Bell, Barrie	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	C. C. McCarney, Riverside	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Capt. Ells, Temple	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Capt. Fisher, Meaford	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Violet Leece, Barrie	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Sister Palmer, Orillia	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Capt. Edwards, Temple	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Bro. Dixon, Temple	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Sgt. Brown, Huntsville	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Mrs. Capt. Howe, Bowmanville	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	P. S. M. Tyler, Bowmanville	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Ethel St. John, Glace Bay	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	P. S. M. St. John, Glace Bay	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Capt. G. W. Brackenridge	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	S. M. Bover, Bracebridge	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	C. C. Matchett, Lippincott	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	C. C. May Tuck, Lippincott	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Ensign Sims, Lippincott	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Mrs. Stewart, Lippincott	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	S. M. Bowers, Lippincott	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	Stanley Gammage, Chatham	25		
Capt. H. C. Ritchie, Dartmouth	40	S. M. Graham, Thameville	25		

West Ontario Province.

94 Hustlers.

Central Ontario Province.

84 Hustlers.

East Ontario Province.

66 Hustlers.

Capt. Hickman, Picton	185
F. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	129
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Ottawa	117
Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Kingston	110
Capt. Yake, St. Johnsbury	109
Capt. Bloss, Ogdensburg	109
Capt. Gammidge, St. Albans	109
Capt. Plant, Drury	109
Capt. Kitchen, Guelph	109
Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	109
Capt. Keats, Lippincott	109
Sgt. N. Richards, Lindsay	109
Capt. Christopher, Orangeville	109
Ensign Brant, Brampton	109
Mrs. Capt. Hanna, Collingwood	109
Sgt. Tuck, Lippincott	109
Etzel White, Barrie	109
Ensign Lott, Parry Sound	109
Sgt. Bowcock, Lippincott	109
Capt. McCann, Huron St.	109
Capt. Howcroft, Huron St.	109
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	109
Capt. G. W. McDevitt, Little Current	109
Capt. C. Rose, Midland	109
Lieut. Minni, Midland	109
Capt. Powers, Sudbury	109
Capt. Meader, Sudbury	109
Adjt. Walker, Riverside	109
Lieut. Greavett, Riverside	109
Capt. Stephens, Owen Sound	109
Capt. McLean, Owen Sound	109
Capt. Mathews, North Bay	109
Lieut. Bone, North Bay	109
Ensign McDonald, Dovercourt	109
Capt. Paxton, St. George's	109
Capt. Keats, Lippincott	109
Capt. Murray, Temple	109
L. Coy, Hamilton I.	109
Capt. B. LeDrew, Dundas	109
Mrs. Capt. Olson, Orillia	109
Capt. McEachern, Cheltenham	109
Capt. LeCocq, Newmarket	109
Mrs. Capt. Coe, Newmarket	109
Capt. McNamey, Yorkville	109
Capt. Downey, Yorkville	109
Adjt. Burrows, Barrie	109
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	109
Capt. Quaif, Temple	109
Mrs. Glits, Yorkville	109
Sgt. Golden, Lippincott	109
Capt. Christopher, Orangeville	109
Lieut. Phillips, Orangeville	109
Capt. Bowman, Temple	109
Mrs. Dyer, Bracebridge	109
Mrs. Strong, Bracebridge	109

Capt. Haley, Palmerston.



Capt. Jordinson, Blenheim.

Mrs. Anderson, Watford.

Ensign Hattie Scott, Clinton.

Capt. Plant, Drayton.

Sergt. Hippern, Montreal II.....	53	Capt. A. Hall, Lethbridge	48
Mrs. Edwards, Ottawa	50	Annie Pearce, Calgary	46
Capt. Edwards, Deseronto	50	Lieut. I. McLaren, Moorhead	45
Capt. Crego, Peterboro	40	Mrs. Capt. A. Wilkins, Devil's	
Sister Seward, Montreal I.....	40	Lake	45
Sergt. Stone, Lakefield	40	Sergt-Major Mrs. Michaels, De-	
Capt. Wilson, Fort Hope	40	lerville's Lake	45
Mrs. P. M. Young, Kitchener	35	Capt. R. H. Neepawa	40
Capt. Poole, Montreal II	25	Capt. A. Pearce, Newmarket	40
Capt. Weir, Belleville	25	Sergt. Thos. Siefkley, Dauphin	40
Adjt. Babington, Peterboro	33	Lieut. D. Cusiter, Carmen	40
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	32	Capt. McKay, Souris	38
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	32	Sergt. Mrs. Smith, Winnipeg	35
P. S. M. Veal, Barr	31	Lieut. Oxenreider, Virdon	35
Capt. Magee, Morrisburg	31	Capt. S. Draper, Moosomin	34
Capt. Liddell, Morrisburg	31	Lieut. McFae, Larimore	32
E. Baker, Campbellfield	30	Capt. J. Ferguson, Selkirk	30
Capt. Gross, Cornwall	30	Lieut. Morris, Portage la Prairie	30
Miss Collingsworth, Montreal IV	25	Capt. N. Meyer, Moose Jaw	30
Capt. Redfern, Millbrook	25	Lieut. H. H. Molesworth	28
S. M. Russell, Millbrook	25	Capt. E. Anderson, Minot	28
J. Walton, Kingston	25	Lieut. Heddens, Emerson	28
Mrs. Downey, Kingston	25	C. C. Mary Johnson, Bismarck	27
Adjt. Newman, Cornwall	25	Sergt. McClevey, Neepawa	26
Ensign McLean, Barre	25	Lieut. Nuttall, Minot	26
Father Duquet, Trenton	25	Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, Winnipeg	25
Bro. Hurd, Montreal I	25	Ensign J. C. Habkirk, Grand Forks	23
Sister Kane, Montreal I	25	Sergt. Mrs. Johnson, Winnipeg	23
Sister Ritchie, Montreal I	25	Lieut. O. Potter, Souris	22
Miss Gillan, Renfrew	25	Capt. Barrager, Larimore	22
Envoy Magee, Wakefield	25	Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	22
S. M. Devlin, Elgin	25	Sergt. Mrs. Chapman, Winnipeg	20
Mrs. Jewel, Picton	20	Sergt. Mrs. Colton, Winnipeg	20
Cadet Gauger, Ottawa	20	Capt. Glover, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Woods, Sunbury	20	Capt. Bauson, Valley City	20
Mildred Vale, Barre	20	Treas. St. Johns, Minnedosa	20
Sergt. Vacour, Montreal I	20	Capt. J. Mercer, Fort William	20
Sergt. Lewis, Montreal I	20	Sister Heath, Fargo	20
S. Stanzel, Carleton Place	20	Lieut. M. Stapleton, Carberry	20
Capt. Newell, Kemptville	20		
Lieut. Bushway, Kemptville	20		

North-West Province.

54 Hustlers.

Lieut. J. Cook, Kew Portage	151	Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Nelson	150
Capt. Blodgett, Brandon	125	Capt. I. Gain, Butte	148
Capt. Livingstone, Edmonton	103	Capt. Southall, Rossland	114
Sister M. Lewis, Brandon	103	Capt. Purst, Victoria	88
Sister D. T. Lyle, Winnipeg	99	Lieut. Owen, Everett	84
Lieut. V. Sherratt, Grand Forks	98	Tom. Whipple, Vancouver	80
Lieut. E. Gant, Fargo	90	Capt. Duffie, Victoria	78
Mrs. Capt. G. Gillam, Regina	65	Sergt. Preston, Spokane	75
Lieut. A. Cook, Jamestown	65	Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	75
Mrs. Captain W. White, Portage la Prairie	60	Capt. Scott, Lewiston	75
Lieut. L. Dunster, Port Arthur	56	Cadet Steele, Fernie	75
Lieut. A. White, Prince Albert	56	Capt. Heater, Helena	68
Ensign M. Collett, Fargo	51	Capt. Dales, New West	68
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Medicine Hat	50	Capt. Connon, Nevelena	68
Capt. A. Mitchell, Grafton	50	Capt. Charlton, Great Falls	68
Maggie Gillis, Fort William	50	Mrs. T. Bell, New Westminster	52
Ensign A. Taylor, Calgary	50	Ensign Blouin, Missoula	51

Pacific Province.

43 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Nelson	150		
Capt. I. Gain, Butte	148		
Capt. Southall, Rossland	114		
Capt. Purst, Victoria	88		
Lieut. Owen, Everett	84		
Tom. Whipple, Vancouver	80		
Capt. Duffie, Victoria	78		
Sergt. Preston, Spokane	75		
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	75		
Capt. Scott, Lewiston	75		
Cadet Steele, Fernie	75		
Capt. Heater, Helena	68		
Capt. Dales, New West	68		
Capt. Connon, Nevelena	68		
Capt. Charlton, Great Falls	68		
Mrs. T. Bell, New Westminster	52		
Ensign Blouin, Missoula	51		

POWER OF FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

There are thousands and thousands of little untruths that burn and buzz, and sting in society, which are too small to be brushed or driven away. They are not the whole, but they are in the infections and tenses of the voice; they are in the actions they are in reflections rather than in direct images that are represented. They are methods of producing impressions



Capt. Gibson, Leamington, Ont.

that are false, though every means by which they are produced attract. There are little untruths between man and man that ~~exist~~ to be minor matters, and that ~~exist~~ in many things; there are little untruths of attractions; there are petty violations of confidence; there are ten thousand of the ~~exist~~ of passions in men which are called follies or weaknesses, but which eat like moths. They take away the temper, they take away magnanimity and generosity, they take from the soul its enamel and its polish. Men palliate and excuse them, but that has nothing to do with their natural effect on us. They waste and destroy us, and that, too, in the soul's silent and hidden parts.



Brother Brooks, W.O.P.

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock.

Capt. Copeman, Brant.

Sergt. Whipple, Vancouver.



HOLINESS.

Tunes.—Only Thee (B.J. 73); Even me (B.J. 229).

1 Only Thee, my soul's Redeemer!
Whom have I in heaven beside?
Who on earth, with love so tender,
All my wandering steps to guide?

Chorus.

Only Thee, only Thee!
Loving Saviour, only Thee!

Only Thee! No joy I covet
But the joy to call Thee mine—
Joy that gives me blest assurance
Thou hast owned and sealed me

True.

Only Thee! I ask no other,
Thou art more than all to me;
Life, or health, or creature comfort—
I would give them all for Thee.

Only Thee, Whose blood has cleansed
me,
Would my raptured vision see,
While my faith is reaching upward.
Ever upward, Lord, to Thee.

JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Tunes.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (B.J. 170); The cross now covers (B.J. 80).

2 All glory to Jesus be given
That life and salvation are free;
And all may be washed and for-
given,
For Jesus can save even me.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
And all His salvation may know;
Come, plunge in the sin-cleansing
wave;
His blood washes whiter than snow.

From darkness, from sin and despair,
Out into the light of His love,
He brought me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.

Oh, rapturous heights of His love!
Oh, measureless—depths of His
grace!
My soul, I'm safe in His hands,
And live in His loving embrace.

In His all wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below;
His blood is applied
And His blood that makes whiter than
snow.

FREE AND EASY.

Tune.—Keep us true. (B.J. 81.)

3 Where is now the good Elijah?
Safe in the promised land;
He went up in a fiery chariot,
Safe to the promised land.

Chorus.

By-and-by we hope to meet him,
By-and-by we hope to greet him,
By-and-by we hope to see him.
Safe in the promised land.
When we meet we'll sing Hallelujah,
When we meet we'll sing Hosanna,
When we meet we'll sing forever,
Safe in the promised land.

Where are now the Hebrew children?
They went through a fiery furnace.

Where is now the prophet Daniel?
He went through a den of lions.

Where are now the twelve apostles?
They went up through persecution.

There is now poor suffering Lazarus?
He went up to Abraham's bosom.

There are now the conquering mar-
tyrs?
They went up through fire and tor-
ture.

Is now our blessed Saviour?
He went to gory Calvary
Capite to the promised land.

LEAD ME HIGHER.

Tune.—Lower Lights.

Jesus, lead me up the mountain,
Where the whitest robes are
seen,
Where the saints can see the foun-
tain.
Where the pure are keeping clean.

Chorus.

Lead me higher up the mountain,
Give me fellowship with Thee;
In Thy light I see the fountain,
And the blood is cleansing me.

Higher up, where light increases,
Rich above all earthly good,
Where the life of sinning ceases,
Where the Spirit comes in floods.

Lead me higher, nothing dreading,
In the race to never stop,
In Thy footsteps keep me treading,
Give me grace to reach the top.

Save me better, make me surer,
Put me where the fire refines,
Where the breath of hope is purer,
Where the brightest glory shines.

KEEP UP THE FLAG.

Tune.—Cleansing for me. (B.J. 45.)

5 Though fierce the conflict, though
tough the fight,
Keep up the flag, keep up the
flag!

Never be hindered from doing the
right,

Keep up the flag, keep up the flag,
Though foes be mighty, oh, be not
dismayed,

Christ is your Captain, then why be
afraid?

With His strong armor and His
mighty aid,

Keep up the flag, keep up the flag.
Foes are conspiring its folds to bring
low,

Keep up the flag, keep up the flag.
Reckless for God be wherever you go,

Keep up the flag, keep up the flag.
Wave it aloft through the alley and
the sun,

March like brave warriors to trumpet
and drum,

Till all the world to the Saviour has
come—

Keep up the flag, keep up the flag.

Though some around you to God
prove untrue,

Keep up the flag, keep up the flag.

Be not discouraged by what others do,

Keep up the flag, keep up the flag.

On, who will journey to Heaven with
Jesus? He died that we all may go
free;

Come, then, to Him Who has pur-
chased for you

A crown in that home far away.

~~~~~

Friends I shall see who have jour-  
neyed before,  
And landed safe on that beautiful  
shore.

I shall see Jesus, that will be my joy,  
In that bright home far away.

~~~~~

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Jesus? He died that we all may go
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A crown in that home far away.

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